

DISCORDER

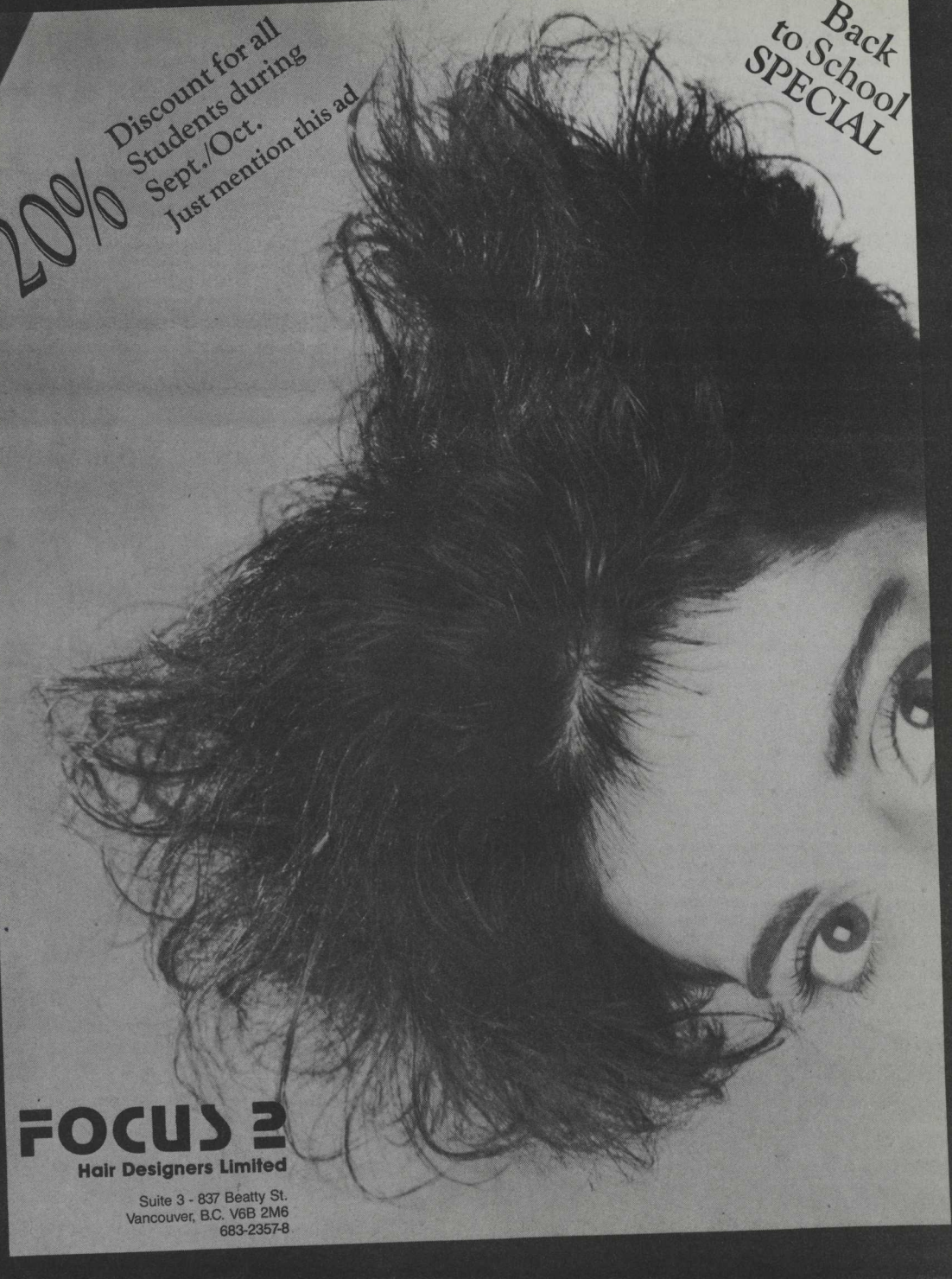
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DISCORDER

That Magazine form CITR Radio 102
September 1987 Vol V No 8 Issue #56

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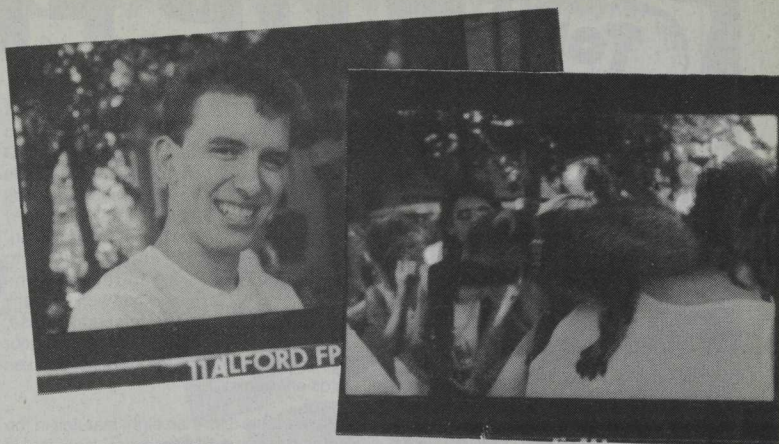
Discorder Magazine, c/o CITR - UBC Radio
6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, B.C. Canada
V6T 2A5 ☎(604) 228-3017

Discorder is That Magazine from CITR Radio 102 and is published monthly by the Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia, although it winds up being printed deep from within Surrey, Canada.

Discorder Magazine prints what it wants to, but pledges to put the CITR On The Dial program schedule and SpinList record chart in every issue. Discorder also vows to circulate 17,500 copies by the first of each month. Subscriptions are encouraged. Twelve issues: \$12 in Canada, \$12(US) in the States, \$18 elsewhere. Make money orders or certified cheques payable to 'CITR Publications'.

CITR Radio 102 broadcasts a 49-watt stereo signal throughout the Vancouver area at 101.9 FM. But for best reception, hook up to the FM cable network. CITR is at 101.9 cable FM on Rogers (Lower Mainland) and Shaw (North Shore) cable systems, but is still at 100.1 on Rogers (Fraser Valley).

Inquiries about CITR, Discorder or the Mobile Sound System can be directed to station manager Harry Hertscheg at 228-3017, between 10 am - 4 pm, Monday to Friday. If you want to talk to the deejay, call 228-2487 or 228-CITR.



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UP FRONT

WE KNOW YOU'VE BEEN WAITING all summer with bated breath and clenched teeth for this **THE BIG Back to School Rock 'n' Roll 'n' Rap Issue** of *Discorder*. You have in your shaking hands forty pages of the finest literature money can't buy, full of pertinent information, refreshing insights, and scintillating comments. 'Tis no mean feat, but the volunteer staff of *Discorder* has worked many hard hours to make your temperature rise, your head swim, your eyes bulge, and your hands resplendant with the ink of which these words are made.

There are no less than eight features in the September issue of *Discorder*. Now this is what you call a REAL magazine. Firstly, is the **ROCK** section: kicking it off is a Dave Campbell perspective on the 'live music' situation here in Vancouver, the one that has often been called vital and vibrant. Mr. Campbell, in his 'tell-it-like-it-is' manner, looks at how it was, what it is, and what it could be. The lads at **Cattle Prod.** have become movers and shakers in this so-called 'scene' through sheer energy and volume of work accomplished. Does the Guinness Book of World Records have an entry for 'most gigs booked' yet? Bill Mullan talks to Cattle Prod. and discovers, among other things, that they are not in it for the money. If YOU are in it for the money, avoid reading 7½ **Easy Steps from the Rec Room to the Rec Ord.** Here, Pat Carroll deigns to explain, with the help of several knowledgeable individuals, how to begin to give the best years of your life to rock 'n' roll. Finally, Travis B. gives you the REAL truth about **Shindig**, CITR's 'battle of the bands' test of endurance that has become one of the wonders of the world.

Secondly, *Discorder* is on the **ROLL**. Kevin S. and Michael Shea spent their summer vacations in Toronto and New York, where the pleasure was strictly business and the colour of money was red. Kevin and Michael rolled back to Vancouver a whole lot happier knowing that they didn't have to live as prisoners of the heat and concrete and steel that characterized the summer in the Big City.

Finally, *Discorder* gives you the **RAP**. While in New York Don Chow spoke with **Mele Mel**, of the Sugarhill Records and Furious Five fame, and he gives you the lowdown on the state of the art of Rap. In an entirely different sphere, Mark Mushet conducted an articulate discourse with **Bruce Gilbert**, of WIRE, Dome, and various solo projects, and proves once and for all that there is not really one critical bone in Mr. Mushet's body.

With this issue, *Discorder* would once again like to welcome into its ever-loving fold the talented Mr. Bill Mullan. Bill has co-edited this issue with Michael Shea, who will soon depart to continue his quest for love and/or money. Donations will be gratefully accepted. In the mean, remember that man does not live by words alone, despite the fact that sometimes he has to eat them.

BEHIND THE DIAL

- *Discorder* continues its conquest of the world. Both the June and July issues were delivered to several locations in New York City, where they were welcomed with open arms. Those locations are: *Hudson News* at 753 Broadway, *Sounds* at 20 St. Mark's Place, *It's Only Rock 'n' Roll* at 49 West 8th Street, and *Venus Records* at 61 West 8th Street. If you are planning a trip to New York, or any other city, town, or outpost, let us know and we'll set you up with a bundle of *Discorders* for a travelling companion. They don't eat much and they are very quiet.
- If you are a fan of *Wombat*, then you'll be interested to know that Rod Filbrandt has just printed a limited run of *Wombat-o-Rama*. It's thirty pages big, half of which is unpublished *Wombat* never before seen in *Discorder*. It is available at Zulu Records and the T-Shirt Gallery, both on 4th Avenue, for \$2.25.
- Speaking of animated benefits, the Vancouver Society of Independent Animators presents *Bartoon*, an event to be held at Graceland on September 3rd. It features a screening of *Lupo The Butcher* and other locally produced animated films. On stage will be the Stingin' Hornets and Poisoned. Tickets are available in advance for \$5.50 at Zulu Records, Track Records, BeBop, and Graceland. For further info, call the V.S.I.A. at 874-4418.

CITR CONCERT PRESENTATIONS

- | | |
|-----------|---|
| Sept. 3 | Washington Squares at the Town Pump |
| Sept. 4/5 | Joe Ely at the Town Pump |
| Sept. 8 | CITR broadcasts live from the SUB plaza at UBC |
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THIS IS THE DAWNING OF THE AGE OF AQUARIUS

To all Discordians,

A view of respect to those whom may choose to acknowledge. Alternate and punk style listeners, as far as I am concerned, are without a doubt - in the real world. This is of course not to say that others are off in strange select groups, although sometimes I wonder. There have always been many influences to ways of life and musicianship that are outside the alternate circle. I must however mention that the general slough of Top 40 mainstream music has been sorely lacking perpetual change. Many other things are also lacking, in which enables new music and material to be kept fresh and exhilarating. This is so much to the fact that Top 40 bands are sounding so meaningless that the punk alternate scene is like a great mirage. The mirage is real, great talent, lyrics, and musicianship are rediscovered. If you choose to alter your appearance, like the chameleon, and if it's you, then have respect. There is no real need to take the FIW point of view. Quite often society is not right. The people choose their destiny and you make your life. Help our generation's society be another stage better. To be alive is good when there is such respect. Appreciate as you can and thank you for your custom.

John

Yes, but have you harmonically converged lately?

WORDS OF LOVE

Dear CTR,

I have this little message that I wanted to get across to an ex-girlfriend of mine. I was hoping that perhaps you might be able to publish it in the Airhead column. It would of course be a great favour and highly appreciated by me.

Yours truly
Razz

Sitha,

I'm sorry I don't have what you're looking for, because it doesn't exist in me. As for my hands they're empty and have nothing to offer you. You took the smile away from my face, and the light I saw was deceiving, darkness stole everything. Too bad I got poisoned again, I thought the pain was gone, and I had finally, after hundreds of years of searching the vast universe, found what I was really looking for. You took all I had, murdered my soul and buried it. But alas now my flesh slowly disintegrates, my spirit wanders worthlessly in this hopeless wasteland and my jumbled mind frozen deep in thought.

*'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all*

Tennyson

WORDS OF . . . ?

Words ? have fallen victim to the animated shrug, the hollow gesture, the silent scream: Body English. This renaissance of movement has supplanted the language arts to become the dominant element in human to human/machine communication. Quite naturally this development buffaloes traditional linguists who are just now deploring the dated "I love etc." phenomenon.

Other cultural stewards, namely anthropologists and historians, hasten to label this Pop-Age, this epoch as "The Millertime" without fully explaining or exploring the more than casual relationship between mute modern man and prehistoric tree-swinging lincanthropus.

They are confused, of course. For the answer to the riddle of our increasingly wordless society resides in France. There,

in silent splendour lives the undisputed mute master of body motion: Marcel Marceau.

Who'd have thought! Walking against the wind, claustrophobic invisible boxes, imaginary corn on the cob, all perfect metaphors to anxious, inarticulate North American kids struggling against conformity and The Word.

Alan Huml

THE BIGGER THEY ARE . . .

Dear Airhead:

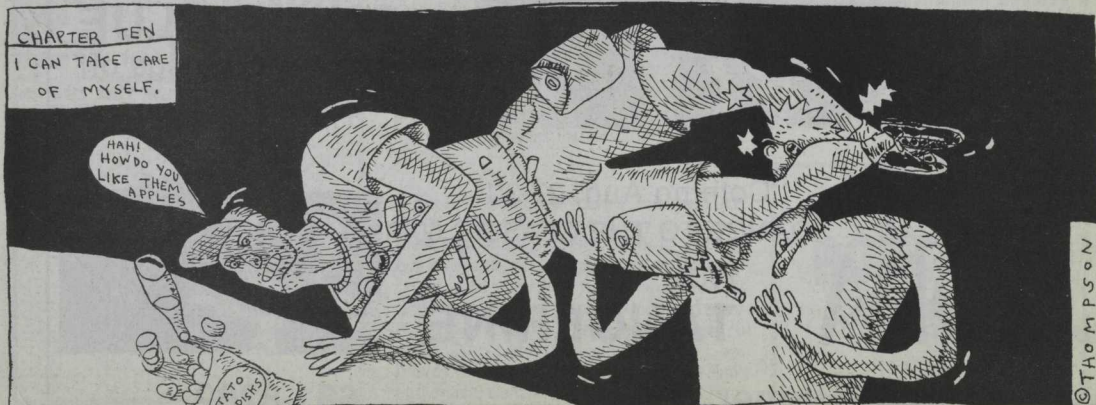
I am currently working on a project/survey on parodies. My research involves studying celebrities and analyzing their situation in relation to their image in relation to their environment. My research was further stimulated while reading the June issue of *Discorder* where I found an active example of a parody with a twist. I was delighted with Regional Rhonda's request for an AI Big cover. Isn't it obvious that AI Big is only a cover? Has he not, like so many other stars, become a parody of himself? I believe that the time has come to categorize Mr. AI Big, that "tall, dark, handsome hunk of deejay," with David Bowie, who my research has led me to believe, is the most perfect example of a self-parody. (Although AI Big may lack the degree of "international" stature that Bowie has acquired, the parallelism still exists.)

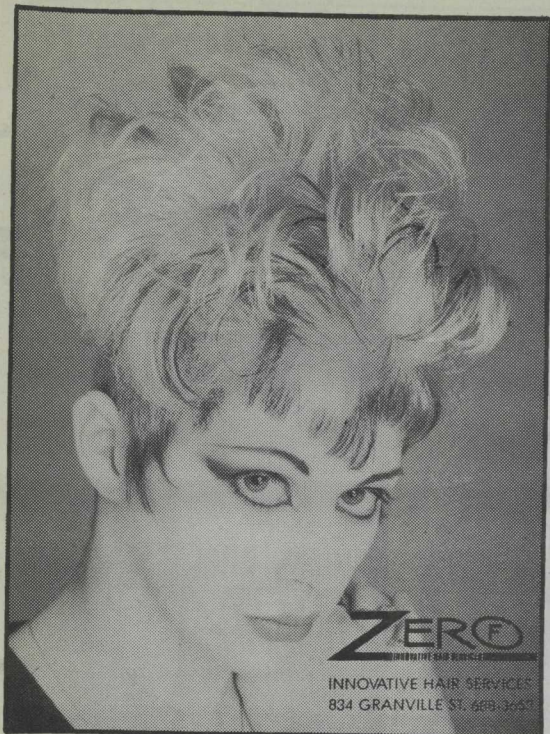
Perhaps, however, AI Big has managed to save himself from that dreadful categorization and does not deserve such a derogatory label. After all, he has finally allowed his *Big Show* its death. And granted he can only imitate himself, he at least has alluded to his situation with more humility than can be accredited to most.

Congratulations to all *Big Show* accomplices who have given AI Big and the *Big Show* the reputation they now have. You've done a fine job in the attempt to exploit something as big as AI Big. Moreover, cover or no cover, the man remains a legend.

N. Igmah

Further comments or questions on this topic may be addressed to the AI Big International Fan Club, Box 48464, Bentall Centre, Vancouver, B.C. V7X 1A2.





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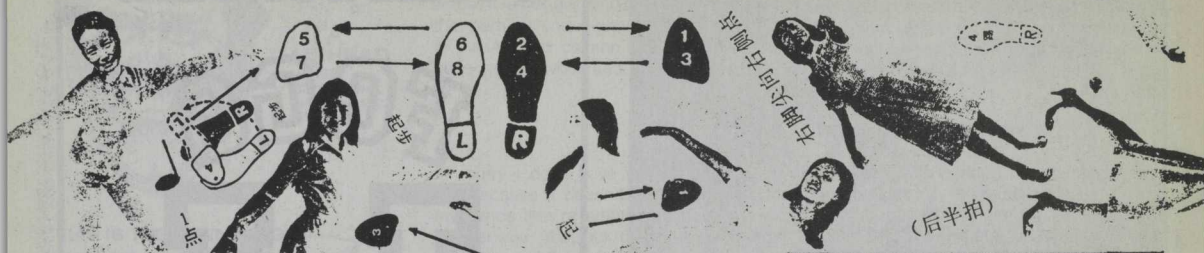
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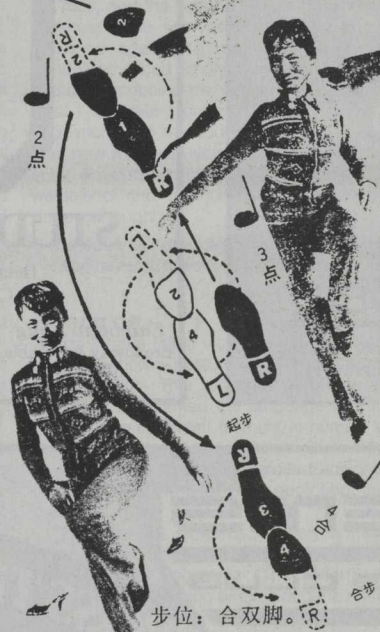
VANCOUVER HAS WHAT IS KNOWN as a music scene. You probably know about it. You probably like to think you're a part of it. It is a quaint little affair. Its voice is heard on this radio station. Its words can be read in several journals (including the one you're reading). And its face can be seen in the crowds at the so-called 'alternative' clubs, scattered throughout the city. It's a scene in several acts with a small but loyal following made up of music lovers, music haters, style commandos, groupies, hangers-on, dead-beats, rich kids, party animals, drunks, punks, dance machines, glamour queens, and just plain fun-loving kids of all ages who don't care what they're listening to as long as it isn't commercial.

Now you may think by this description that your humble scribe is a tad bitter and jaded by what he has just related. Perhaps so, but when you're as close to 30 as I am, you tend to see the world with a slightly jaundiced eye. But cranky old-fart-ness aside, I'm supposed to be telling you about what this scene is.

The scene lives in the clubs. It eats, drinks (and drinks and drinks), lives, dies, sleeps (no, no, you can't sleep here) and loves there. The scene is in the clubs because the bands are there and the bands are there because the club owners want the scene there. Because, most importantly, the scene drinks there, and attracts those who would want to be a part of the scene themselves.

When the scene was born, it was small. It was noisy, wild, full of energy, and scary. It lived in the halls and shit-hole-rat-trap clubs of the east end. In those days, the scene was called 'punk' and was considered dangerous, although it never was, really. As it grew, it became more refined, better behaved, a little less noisy, not quite as scary and it began to emerge from its humble roots in an attempt to gain a more respectable footing in our society as a whole. Some of the punks started calling themselves 'New Wave' and the switch to a less threatening label convinced one or two of the more daring club owners to allow the scene into their establishments.

The risk paid off, the scene didn't smash the place up (every night). Furniture and fixtures didn't go missing (much), and the



A happy club-goer trips the light fantastic

scene actually paid admission and bought drinks. Club owners realised they could actually make money on the scene. With some of the risk removed and a profit margin definitely in the picture, more and more clubs got into the act. The scene was gaining respectability and popularity.

As the scene grew, it became more and more fashionable to be seen with the scene. And so the more the scene was wanted, the more the scene grew. And golly, did that scene grow. Soon the scene was on the radio, and on TV. You could go to the movies and see the scene. It was in the library, at Woodward's, in Vanmag!!! Soon the scene was everywhere at once and those who wanted to be seen with the scene were doing their best not to be.

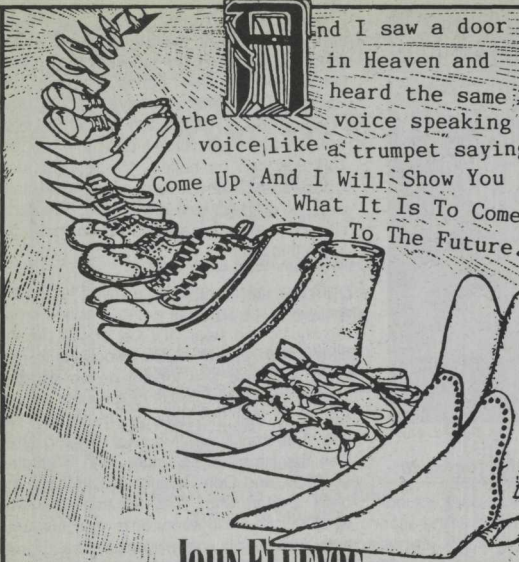
The Big Crash came with the Invasion of '86 (I won't use the "E" word!). The scene, once so 'dangerous' that the cops had to be called in, at least a couple times, was now safe enough to bring the kids to. Several of the scene's most familiar and notorious members were asked to perform

at the World's Fair! For Money! Now the scene was faced with a 'situation'. In general it didn't like the World's Fair, and didn't want to condone it, but the money was good. The result of this conflict was a split scene.

This story, sarcastic and cynical as it may seem, does have a purpose other than ridicule. For this we must bring in the other side of the scene: the Radio Reality.

At the same time as the clubs were becoming more progressive and open to new things, radio in this burg, with two obvious exceptions, was doing its best to turn back the clock. "Light Rock, Less Talk" and "Music You Grew Up With" remain the bandwagons our city's commercial stations choose to follow in the eighties. With competition for the Yuppie buck being of prime importance these days, the idea of introducing new music, especially of the unproven, local variety, just doesn't quite fit into the overall scheme of things.

The two exceptions mentioned above are, of course, Co-op Radio and our own CTR.



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the voice like a trumpet saying
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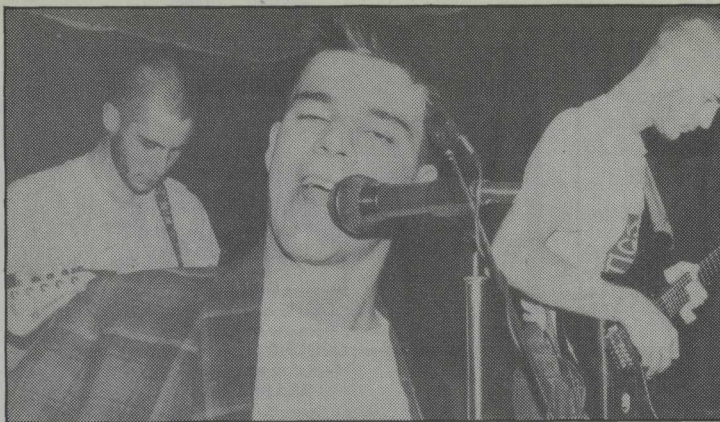
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M. Helen J. Orr

The Rheostatics seeing double during the opening night of the Canadian Independent Music Festival at the Railway Club, August 20

Both have done their best to promote and present local independent alternative music. Unfortunately, the listener base remains relatively small, due mainly to weak broadcast signals and poor reception ("I'd love to listen to you guys but I can't get it on my radio"). The result is simple: empty clubs. We have plenty of promoters putting plenty of bands (Cattle Prod. alone claims almost 200 listings) into plenty of locations, but with the lack of media support, even the best acts aren't drawing a consistent crowd.

With this kind of past, the future does not look bright. The Johnny-come-lately's of the alternative club world will soon tire of empty-rooms-for-the-sake-of-art sacrifice and return to what they know and like best. "TOP FORTY". Let's face it, top forty is safe, it's familiar, you know exactly what the band is going to play, no surprises. The crowd doesn't have to phone in advance and ask "What kind of music is that?" But, above all else, top forty is boring. It's safe, it's familiar...

And it's taking over! Again! Soon it will be everywhere and the only place left to see DOA will be the Odd Smelling Hall. Gene Garcia will be the house band at the Railway. The Savoy will have nothing but... But I think you get the idea. The Disco hordes are back. Don't despair, though. This tide can be halted. It's time for local independent alternative music to really take over the city, not just pretend to. The radio stations with the biggest audiences have got to want to play it.

If radio in this town is allowed to remain narrow, that attitude is going to reflect in all the music we hear. It'll be on TV, in the clubs, the record stores, Woodwards. It'll be everywhere and there'll be no escape. And all you have to do is pick up the phone. But don't call the deejays, they'll just tell you that they'll get fired for playing that; Call the program director. John Beaudoin at CFOX and Don Schafer at CFMI are the ones to start with. They tell everyone else what to play. And every time your favourite local band is playing, make sure these guys know about it. That's all it takes. If enough people do it, it'll happen. But don't get me wrong, I am not suggesting that we help increase the audience of CFOX, just that we improve the music that the audience hears. But what of CITR? What will happen to us? We will always be here. You may not be able to pick us up, but we'll be here.

Dave Campbell

GET LISTED!

...IN THE BACKSTAGE GUIDE TO WHO'S WHO AND WHERE IN MUSIC VANCOUVER VICTORIA 1987 / 88

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MUSICIAN LISTING: INSTRUMENT(S) PLAYED _____

PERFORMER(S): If Group, No. of Members _____

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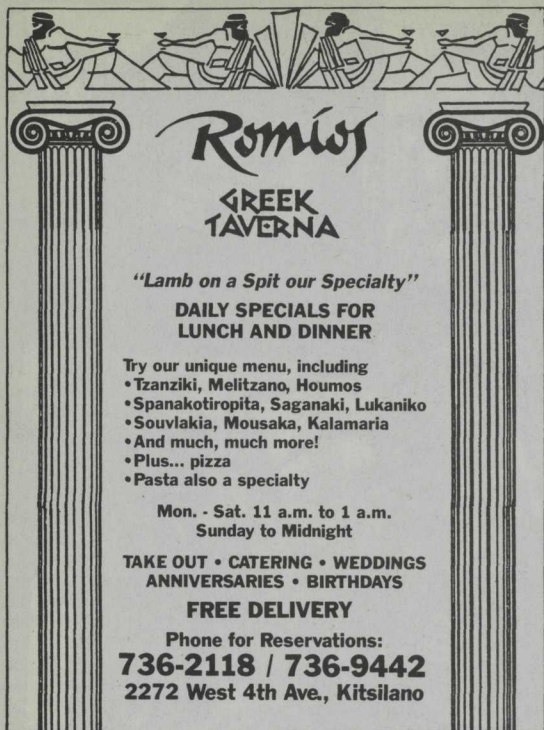
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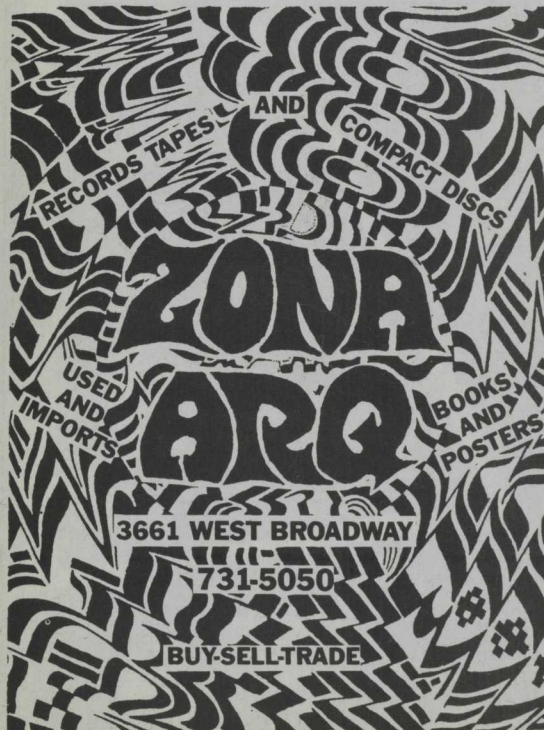
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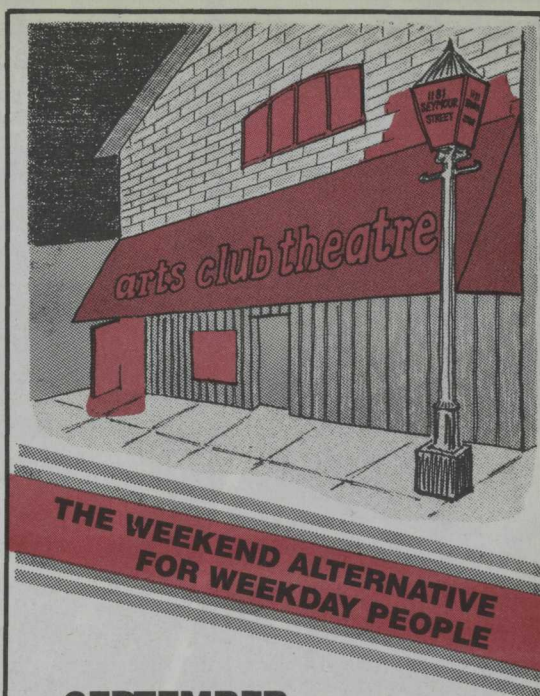
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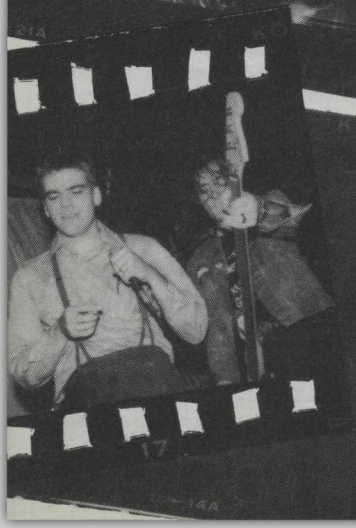
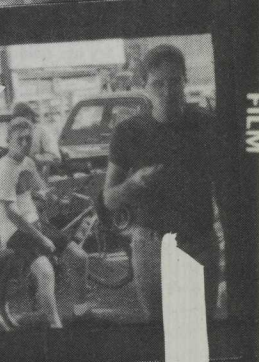
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THREE BOYS FILLING A VOID



Brian Harding

The Incomplete Story of CATTLE PROD.

“IT'S A MISH-MASH – it's a promotion company – we take bands, we promote them, we promote shows, we promote everything. We don't work in the cattle industry. We have nothing to do with livestock. Somebody came in the other day looking for a job. He was a cowboy looking for work.”

The incomplete story of Cattle Productions (Cattle Prod.) begins in various parts of western Canada, none of them Vancouver. Jay Scott was a farm kid growing up in Armstrong, BC, “the cheese place, though truth is, they make most of the cheese in Balfour, Alberta. They keep kind of quiet about that.” Mark Smith and Barry Lee meanwhile were rival promoters banging their heads against the wall in the limited confines of the Edmonton alternative/independent scene. “What it was really, back in Edmonton, was there was a void to be filled, and the void was independent music, and it's the same in most cities. And that's what Cattle Prod. does basically. It fills voids. That's what any worthwhile business does.”

The void in question here was Vancouver's independent alternative music scene. “The independent music scene was just everybody going on their own doing whatever they could. The Savoy was being pretty lenient and we wanted to start expanding it. We wanted to get a bigger venue for it.” They wanted to legitimize their desire

to spend seven nights a week in the clubs, watching bands, meeting people, having fun. “The only problem is when it becomes too much like work, because if you're working, then you have to justify why you're working, earning a living being one. Every now and then you get to a point where you say, my God, why am I doing this? I don't know if I want a future in this. I'm certainly not earning a living at this. But then something will happen.”

I love seeing a new band. You get to tell people, look, there's this new band. Go see 'em. They're incredible.”

Jay started in Vancouver as a UBC student. After three years and four faculties,

“I woke up to the fact that we had an anti-education government. Not really knowing what to do, and having no career goals as such, I decided there was just no reason to be in University. City life was quite new to me. It was like this big playground I'd never seen before, so I sort of took a year off just to study.” And study revealed the void. Two years ago he started booking SHINDIG as vice-president of CITR. Somewhere along the line, he met Mark who was managing Bolero Lava, and their informal association spilled into booking the Arts Club.

The rest is history. It involves The Emerald Building, “the only snot-green building in Vancouver's downtown.” It involves long hours and precious little income, telephone cut-offs and days without power. It involves some serious partying, like a certain lost week last spring spent with the Screaming Sirens. Says Jay, “I seem to recall having a pretty amazing time.” Barry joined Cattle Prod. in early 1987, mainly because there was too much work for only two people. If Mark's the dreamer, and Jay's the realist, he fills the necessary role of mediator. As partnerships go, it appears to be working. “The whole system is working now. We're paying our bills. I really don't believe it. We used to be scratching month to month. Now we're scratching every two months.” Mark's even gained weight recently.

“Guerrilla promotion” would be the best label for the Cattle Prod. approach. There are no rules as such other than the aforementioned necessity that there be “fun” involved, and yes, one actual commandment. “We have to make sure that we always have someone doing twelve band blow-outs, keeping an eye on what's going on in the underground.” If you haven't witnessed an Arts club Twelve Band Blow Out or its equivalent, you don't really know rock 'n roll. Imagine a cross between those old TV amateur hours and the best house

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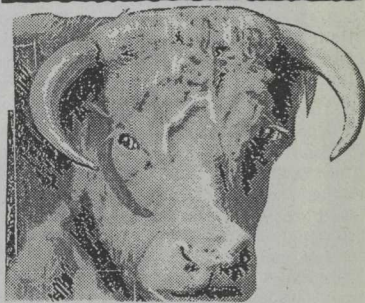
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parties you've been to. Imagine the kind of sweaty, beer drenched reality Bruce Springsteen can only dream of. Somebody's got to provide a means for moving a band from the basement to the clubs, and in the history of Vancouver's independent scene, no one's ever done it more consistently than Cattle Prod. "I counted our phone book the other day and there was one-hundred ninety-some local bands that we can draw from at any point. Every city's got lots of little bands. They've got to start up somewhere and slowly start weeding themselves out, unless they've got rich parents, and then they just stick around and get annoying."

But Cattle Prod. is more than just locally focused. Witness the Butthold Surfers journey to our dimension earlier this year, a memory so vivid you can still smell the chemical smoke. "It was just a wild show, but it didn't really get wild until the show was over. You have a band with three sort of hippies and three bright but psychotic people—the three front people. Gibby, Paul and Pinkus. And after the show, Gibby had cut his arm and we'd taken him to the hospital. Meanwhile, Paul, the guitar player, was really mad at Pinkus, the bass player, for some reason or other. We had to restrain him, actually pin him to the ground on four separate occasions, just to calm him down. He threw a bottle of beer at us. We had to duck and it smashed against the wall behind our heads. He smashed every glass in the place. At one point, he sprayed Pinkus with lighter fluid and tried to set him on fire. That was a little harsh. You don't usually run into that sort of attitude." Rock 'n roll is a vicious game.



Witness the Canadian Independent Music Festival (currently kicking off just as this month's *Discorder* goes to press). The idea was Mark's originally, going back to pre-Expo days. At the time, it was to be an international festival, and for a while he had the powers-that-be at Expo convinced as to its validity, but last minute budget cut-backs saw it fall through the cracks. It was chopped to FIRA, the local band showcase, which eventually got canceled anyway after Slow were rude. So the CIRAC Festival (Canadian Independent Recording Artists in Concert) was hastily thrown together as an alternative to what was going down in the World's Biggest Shopping Mall.

This year's festival with its newer simpler name is bigger, theoretically better, and just one more step of an admittedly ambitious scheme. "It's going to be an international music festival. The main reason for doing this, other than highlighting Canadian talent which we will continue to do, is to create this networking session where you're bringing together as many bands from all parts of Canada as possible, playing and meeting with each other, and exchanging whatever they can information-wise, so that they can support each other when they go back home - getting a band from Halifax playing with a band from Saskatoon, so when the Saskatoon band goes out to Halifax, they've already got a little bit of a support group set up for them there. Why limit that to Canada?"

"The only way to develop our sound is to hear what's coming out of other places. There's some incredible bands coming out of California right now, but nobody's hearing them. They don't get airplay down there. They all want to come up here and play. We get about three phone calls a week." Think of Vancouver as the elbow of a mighty large "L" which stretches east across Canada all the way to Buena Vista, which stretches south to LA and points beyond. Think of Vancouver as the center of the Universe.

But remember, times are tough in the center of the Universe. Unemployment remains high. Available cash for entertainment remains tight. Despite all the idealism, reality's large ugly head won't go away. A certain bottom line must be observed. "We're beer salesmen, and that's what bands have to be, too. Bands have to learn how to sell product, not only themselves. They gotta sell beer in clubs. They're not gonna get hired in any club unless they do. They're not going to get hired in any club unless they have people up dancing, or so totally enthralled that they're happy to just sit and watch."

This story remains incomplete. It still lacks a happy ending. Nobody makes a proper living off Cattle Prod. yet. Witness Jay Scott emptying ashtrays at the Savoy every now and then. The harsh fact is, it's still very difficult to make an honest living at rock 'n roll in this town. You're either one of the big boys cranking out fodder for Big Brother, or you're doing something else on the side to make ends meet. There's still no regular all ages venue in town, no means to get independent music to the next generation (the Pepsi generation, they do need it). Nor is there a decent high-powered radio station.

The story's also incomplete in terms of whose names are absent: the Laurie Mercers, the Janet Forsythes, the Bud Luxfords, the Gary Taylors et al. Yes, there was life before Cattle Prod., and current healthy competition as well. Apologies to all those excluded. You know who you are.

Bill Mullan



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FROM BACKYARD TO BIG TIME



SO YOU WANT TO FORM A BAND, eh? And not just some garage combo that'll never make it across the street let alone around the world. No, you want the big time (well, the medium time anyway). Read on, then. The *Discorder* 7½ step method is for you.

Featuring the ideas and opinions of *Tracey Brooks*, singer from The Hip Type; *Scott Gubbels* from Edge Records (Oversoul Seven); *Grant McDonagh* from Zulu Records; *Janis McKenzie* from CITR; *Len Morgan*, bass player from Oversoul Seven; *Dan Nowack*, singer from The Spores and video-maker; *Keith Porteous* from Gangland Artists; and last but not least, *Jay Scott* from Cattle Prod.

STEP ONE: STARTING A BAND (also kicking people out)

This involves the deceptively simple task of asking people to join this band you want to form. If you don't already know all the right people, a good place to start is the clubs (or wherever it is bands play). The number of bands formed between sets at the local night clubs is staggering (usually the soon-to-be-band members are also staggering). As you've probably noticed by now, all of this requires that you stick your neck out in order that you might gain a collection of friends and acquaintances whom you can then exploit in your inexorable rise to the top.

Kicking people out of bands is a sad but unavoidable fact of life for all bands, even Van Halen. Tracy offers this advice, "You just boot them, you can't be too nice or they won't leave. You tell them, 'You're out, we're sorry, yer a bum'." Keith noted the

best way to avoid this fate yourself is by turning up at practice on time.

STEP TWO: A PLACE TO PRACTISE (or just how understanding are your parents about your new hobby)

As the sub-title suggests, somewhere in your parent's home there might be an OK short-term answer. But you should be looking for somewhere else. Failure to do so will lead to your unexpected sudden departure from the family nest and, more importantly, possible exclusion from your parents' wills (see Step Six, releasing a records).

Places that count as "somewhere else" are in constant demand and tend to cost money. They include warehouses, other people's basements or unused garages, your manager's office and, if you're lucky, the basement of the place you rented after your parents kicked you out.

STEP TWO & 1/2: SONGWRITING (I-can't-teach-you-this, but-believe-me-it's important)

This is absolutely the most important thing a band has to have if it's ever to attract anyone beyond their friends. With good songs, everything from inept playing and hostile crowds to lousy recordings and ugly record covers can be overcome (e.g. The Replacements).

STEP THREE: RECORDING (and you thought finding a good drummer was hard)

The following is a short quiz.

"We've got a MIDI accessible Nieve Spitfire, 64 in, 48 out, 8 insert mixing consol (re-wired with SSL and floppies), an inboard REV 1, a dozen Kepex gates with

five-way parametric EQs and a limiter/compressor on each channel. Out board it's got a random-driven AMS chorus and 1" 24-track capability. Of course the whole thing is SMPTE compatible."

If the above filled you with an urge to strangle someone with a length of audio tape then skip ahead to the next paragraph. According to Keith one way of dealing with the immense complexities of the recording studio is to sit down and shake hands with the little technological demons. Read everything you can find about making audio tapes, rent a four track machine (they're cheap) to discover how tapes are made and ask questions of people who already know how its done, eg. soundmen at gigs.

STEP FOUR: GETTING GIGS (“Hi there, can I buy you a drink”)

Finding the first few gigs can be extremely difficult, but it has to be done. For a start, don't ask a band with an enormously high profile for an opening slot if you've never played a gig. You're far better off trying to get on the bill at something like the Arts Club's 12 Band Blow Outs, where you're promised a crowd, and a chance to discover just how fast-paced a show can be. Cattle Prod. (684-2325) can tell you when the next one is and who to pester (Jay Scott).

Another good venue for exposure is CITR's SHINDIG. Despite its "Battle of the Bands" rep, and the prizes offered, its really there to give up and coming bands a place to play and a crowd to play to. Phoning the radio station (228-3017) and asking for Harry or Linda will get you on the way. Otherwise persevere, be friendly, and, if necessary, retreat to the garage for more practice.

STEP FIVE: GETTING "SERIOUS" ABOUT YOUR BAND

("Mom, I'm quitting my day job, can I move back home and live for free?")

According to Grant, "The most important thing is that the band members all know exactly what they want. I see bands who just want to be famous, but don't even know what sort of fame they want." This is important. No matter what the band's ultimate goal is, everyone should agree on it. As well, again to acknowledge Grant, don't be a bunch of prima donnas, even if you're sure you're going to be bigger than Aerosmith by Christmas. There's no reason not to be courteous in your business dealings. At some point everyone needs a favour, and you can never tell who from (like that promoter you once called a gravy-sucking pig because he left the brown M&Ms in your candy jar).

STEP SIX: RELEASING A RECORD

("Hi mom, can I mortgage the house please?")

Recording a record is pretty much like recording a demo except its far more expensive (\$50-100/hr), the electronic toys are more fun, there are gold records on the wall, and you occasionally meet a member of Loverboy. You can cut a few corners here, like recording from midnight to six a.m., or recording at a cheap studio and then taking the tape to an expensive one to mix it (i.e. a place where, according to Grant, "you can make garbage sound great"). Chances are, though, if you want to sound like the bands you dream of playing next to, you'll have to spend a lot more money than you'd want to think about (I once bought an amp from someone who spent all the money I paid him the same night in the studio screwing up a feedback overdub).

Once the thing is on tape, you've got to master, press, package and promote the record it is about to become. Depending on the complexities of the packaging, the number you give away (25% is recommended for radio stations, record labels, media, etc.) add the costs of mailing them out, the cost of releasing a thousand records will run you some where in the \$3,000/\$4,000 neighbourhood. (The guy I bought the amp from refers to such things as the "slurps"). The break even point for an independent LP is somewhere around 2000 copies, where as an EP "can never pay itself off" (phone Grant at Zulu and have him explain it to you), thus you have to tour which will also lose money. If all of this seems a little contradictory to you, wait until the next step.

STEP SEVEN: VIDEOS

("Mom, can I borrow your make-up compact?")

On the surface videos seem a little strange. They can cost even more than your album. However, a good video can get you national exposure, impress your friends from high school and even, it's rumoured, gain you

minor cult status in Australia (again, ask Grant to explain). According to Dan all this can be yours for a measly \$4000; less if you can con the crew into working for free.

Of course, one doesn't have to pay the big bucks to make some sort of impact here, Slow and Red Herring both produced good videos for less than \$400 by using simple, easy to produce, but effective ideas.

THE BIG FINISH

("now I'm going to qualify everything I just told you")

Don't get discouraged by the enormous sums of cash that are required. Grants are available for videos, recording and even for international tours. As well, many of these

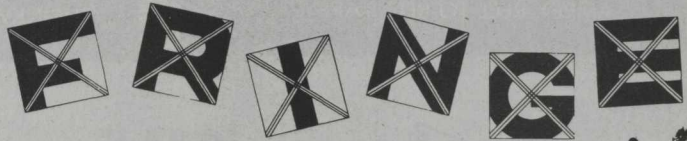
problems will seem far less intimidating the closer you get to them, or may even solve themselves (who knows, you may inherit a house with a sound proofed basement and a large pile of cash sitting in the middle of the floor).

Finally, a huge disclaimer. There's a million ways to make it in the music biz. Our 7½-step method is just one of them. For instance, you could just be discovered in your car singing along to an Elvis tape - by an influential yet altruistic music biz executive, who signs you on the spot, and does everything for you, making you rich and wholly fulfilled before your twenty-first birthday.

Pat Carroll



Presents



'87



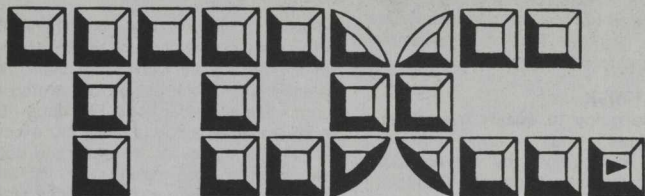
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SHINDIG

Worldwide coverage is now being organized for the SHINDIG finals in December. This year's grand prize winners will have their every earthly wish fulfilled. Runners-up will fly to Scotland for a two-year all expense paid recording session at the 2000 Rock Medieval Castle Studios. Competitors are ALL assured of platinum records sales with MAJOR LABEL contracts and MAJOR PRODUCT endorsements.

If you are a local band and want to compete in SHINDIG, please do not resort to bribes like Bruce Springsteen did a few years ago. Just submit your tape and if chosen by a discriminating panel you will, like all former winners and competitors in SHINDIG, join a select group in stardom.

SHINDIG will be held at the Savoy on each Monday beginning September 14. If you have a local band capable of 35 to 40 minutes of original material and would like to participate in SHINDIG, contact Linda Schoffen at 226-3011.

Travis B.

EVERYONE KNOWS JIM HENDRIX entered a multitude of Seattle area contests before finally winning SHINDIG and becoming famous before death. We all remember the riots that broke out when Ozzie Osborne and Sammy Hagar lost out in the SHINDIG finals to Metallica, or that magical night in December when the Cult completely devastated Bob Dylan and Wayne Newton.

From obscure origins as a purely local phenomenon, SHINDIG has mutated into a global event. While the harbour fills with pleasure craft, of the rich and famous, the hotel industry groans over the massive influx of MAJOR RECORD COMPANY executives, video production crews, important celebrities, and members of the ROYAL FAMILY. (Were YOU there that wild Monday night when Princess D jammed with the WIN GNUTS?). The Vancouver Police Department and the RCMP have formed special squads to deal with the overwhelming security and traffic nightmares that occur every year between September and December.

Even in the face of the incredible enthusiasm and general hysteria, SHINDIG continues in its endeavors to showcase local bands. Organizing an event of this magnitude requires a year-round staff of over 100 dedicated media scouts, a large accounting firm, ad agencies, legal consultants, technical experts, choreographers, biker gangs and hairstylists. With a budget of over \$10 million CDN, CTR and SHINDIG have created a major industry in Vancouver that influences all aspects of musical production throughout the Free World. It's hard to believe that just about every musician, engineer, producer and roadie in the entire universe has, at one time or another, been associated with SHINDIG.

As September 14 looms closer, the soon-to-be stars of SHINDIG are working hard on their material. Meanwhile, the philistines hang on and wannabes are falling all over themselves trying to become a part of this internationally famous extravaganza. Vanna White recently offered SHINDIG organizers a sizable sum to displace Garnet Harris as the host for "Jokes for Beers". Adrian Sherwood wants to do the sound. David Letterman and John Belushi's ghost are both vying for the coveted MC spot. Ollie North wants to be in charge of security, while Paul McCartney wants the lucrative T-shirt concession.

The True Story



A Bitter Bite of the Big Apple



Karen Shea

... the summer came, the New York summer, which is like no summer anywhere. The heat and the noise began their destruction of nerves and sanity and private lives and love affairs. The air was full of baseball scores and bad news and treacly songs, and the streets and the bars were full of hostile people, made more hostile by the heat. It was a city without oases, run entirely, insofar, at least, as human perception could tell, for money, and its citizens seemed to have lost entirely any sense of their right to renew themselves. Whoever, in New York, attempted to cling to this right, lived in New York in exile – in exile from the life around him; and this, paradoxically, had the effect of placing him in perpetual danger of being forever banished from any real sense of himself.

James Baldwin, *Another Country*, 1961

NEW YORK, THE SUMMER, 1987 ... after what had seemed like six days and five nights spent in this city of perpetual timelessness, I, too, had lost any real sense of myself. Perhaps it was the carnivorous heat which perspired layers of skin off the body and left them to lay in steaming gutter pools. Maybe it was the teeming hordes of Times Square, forever jostling and jousting and jabbing like rats trying to escape a maze. Was it the canyons they called streets, or the hollow monoliths that formed the walls of those canyons? Or could it have been the consumption of too many Rolling Rock beers in cavernous clubs in search of The Good

Time? Whatever it was, I was not me. I was becoming accustomed to the heat, the stench, the overcrowding, the excess, the greed, the hostility – in fact, all the things that make New York City a truly exciting place to be – and by doing so losing sense of myself. Fortunately, we had a four o'clock flight Thursday to catch at La Guardia to wisk us away from this dream cum nightmare. And from the elevated status of our airplane seats, it doesn't look all that bad. Maybe that's why they make those building so tall.

I had come to New York City with Al Big, once a famous CITS disc jockey and now International Man-About-Town. The reason for our trip: strictly business. We were there to attend the 8th Annual New Music Seminar, which, since its inception, has become an established convention for the fringe element looking for a way to crack the proverbial Big Time. Ho-hum. There was little evidence of 'new music' or 'new ideas' in attendance at the seminar, instead the emphasis seemed to be on shmoozing and boozing and flagrant self-promotion. After five days my eyesight was blurred by seeing too many rock'n'roll t-shirts and too much died hair, and my ears ached from the sound of hype. Yet, there were a few events that provided a sense of vitality and profundity to why the seminar existed in the first place. The presence of Peter Gabriel and the world premiere of his *Hurricane Irene* video, promoting the efforts of the University for Peace and documenting a music tour of Japan led by Gabriel, once again inspired the notion that pop music can extend itself beyond its own indulgence. Jello Biafra sat on a panel dealing with the issue of censor-

ship, alongside two PMRC-affiliated spokesmen who boasted about the fact that they had burned millions of dollars of 'offensive' records. Needless to say, it was an emotional and very heated discourse about the very foundations of the Home of the Free and Brave.

The most exciting music event, at least for a couple of white boys with black souls from the West Coast, was the DJs and MCs Battle for World Supremacy, which took on the dimensions of the World Heavyweight Boxing championship. Some of America's best scratchers, mixers, emcees, and rappers were pitted against one another where they each had sixty seconds to prove just how good they were, then judged by a panel of exemplary individuals such as Grandmaster Flash, Kool Moe Dee, Marly Marl, and others. It was a bizarre concept, yet even within the confines of a sterile hotel convention room the 'beat of the street' was heard loud and clear. This is the sound of urban blight, a direct and forceful reflection of street life by people who have lived it, and through their music provide a source of hope and inspiration for others. And, ladies and gentlemen, does it make you want to move, too!

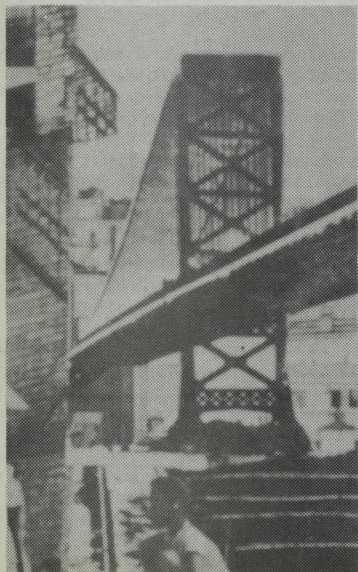
To see and hear all of this in New York City helped to put the state of America into perspective for this boy from north of the border. It is a society that has regressed far from its original mandate to uphold freedom and equality for all of its citizens. It has segregated and oppressed its peoples to the point where fear and suspicion are the main operatives. It is a nation obsessed with image and excess. And the list goes on but

this is no new news is it? Yet in New York City it is magnified a million times to the point of utter despair. Were the last days of Rome anything like this?

The only energy buzz comes from the feel of the streets, and this is where the poignancy and urgency of rap and hip hop take on a whole new meaning. None of this is to be found in the big nightclubs of the city — the exciting and glamorous clubs that we provincials salivate over in glitz fashion and music magazines and wish that we had in our own backwater towns. The Palladium, The Limelight, The Tunnel, and to a lesser degree, the 1018, the Ritz, and the Cat Club are voluminous caverns displaying various stages of disco excess. The maxim here is more is better and the music is just as homogeneous as the crowds that are catered to in the respective venues. The Pyramid and CBGB's were the only clubs that emanated any energy or spirit, and they were small, dirty, hot, and a lot of fun.

My little bite of the Big Apple left a bitter aftertaste. Most of us have the preconception that NYC is the world's most exciting city — it has the biggest, the best, and the worst of everything anyone would ever want. This is true. But is this necessarily a good thing? The emphasis seems to be more on quantity, not quality, and it is easy to lose sense of oneself in the mire of excess. Only from the top of the Empire State building could I see that there was a world beyond. But then Al Big didn't have that problem; he figures people were shorter on the East Coast and he could see above and beyond everyone else.

Michael Shea



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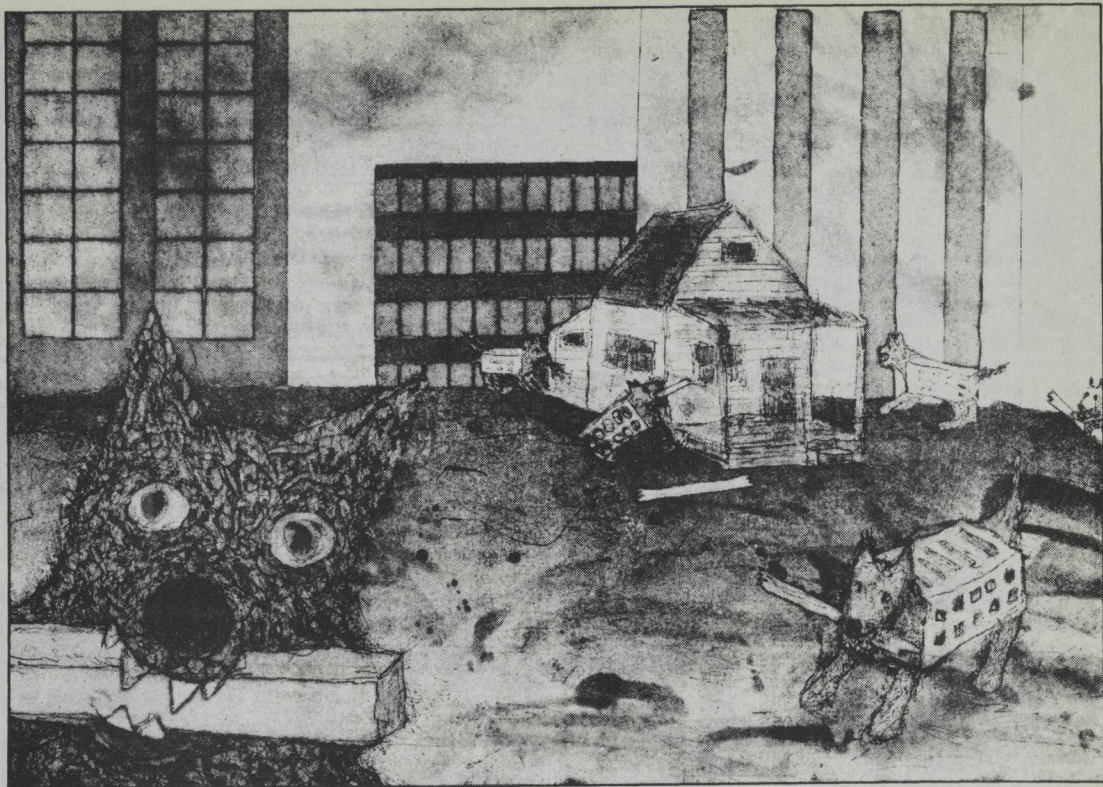


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MAD DOGS AND TORONTONIANS

Kevin S. spends his summer vacation in heat

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT THE notion of beginning a new day with only the benefit of 1½ hours sleep does not sit well with my body. Especially when that body had not actually relaxed at any point of that (limited) sleep. But that's what you get when sleeping on a plane. A midnight flight from Vancouver to Toronto sustains little excitement yet can deliver some limited discomfort. Arrival 7 a.m. TO time (4 a.m. Vancouver and my time). After travelling on the airport bus into the subway station something becomes very apparent. By Jesus, it's hot in TO. Anyway, finding a way into the big city from the airport presents numerous possibilities. Now if a taxi ride or rental car ain't plausible options, you can ride the bus like the rest of us peons. OK, here's the plan. Take the airport bus into Islington station. From there hop the subway for the remaining distance instead of spending an extra buck for the bus direct to downtown. This provides the uninitiated tourist with an initial up-close and personal exposure to hot and sweaty Torontonians

on their way to work during rush hour. As well this plan necessitates lugging a suitcase around until you begin to seriously contemplate ditching it (I mean, it is possible to last a whole week with one set of clothes, right?). Oh yeah, not a single seat on the subway will be vacant. Despite these subway discomforts, a want for sleep and a mounting hunger, just remember that a whole dollar (Canadian) has been saved.

The ostensible purpose of this excursion entailed participation as a representative of CITR at the National Campus/Community Radio Association (NCRA) annual conference that took place this year at Ryerson Polytech. This kind of thing comes with a big-shot executive position within a volunteer organization. If you aren't gonna get paid, at least ensure you receive some heavy-duty perks every so often. So there we were. On the street around 9 or 10 a.m. in 33°C (equivalent to 40°C with the Humidex, or so they say in TO) looking for one CKLN radio station. Ryerson is an unusual campus. More a splattering of

medium-sized highrises, it seems to be without a focus. Alas, no one to greet the weary travellers and cater to our every whim and desire. Snaking through some hallways in a building that hopefully houses the station a discovery finally occurs - CKLN. For one of the top campus stations in Canada it ain't too impressive. A scattering of very small rooms, out-dated equipment and an on-air booth the size of a closet. It seems a hefty chunk of the budget goes to full-time paid staff. Through conversation it becomes clear that there is little student control of the station. It would almost seem appropriate for CKLN to be paying rent rather than being the beneficiary of monies from the Ryerson student body. Still, CKLN is quite a progressive station musically.

But what about the conference? CITR paid your way to this conference. Well, let's have a report. Did ya pickup any bright ideas, huh? Are the synapses exploding with big plans for everybody? Well, ah, ya see, it's like this. The basic goal of the conference was to set up a head office for

the NCRA so that the organization could actually accomplish something given the vast distances separating the member stations. And this was done. Good. Excellent. A tangible feat executed. Also, some interesting seminars took place. One involved myself in a heated discussion with some major label record representatives. If I remember correctly, I said I didn't care if they sent us any more records. (But I'm sure I never *dared* them to stop giving them to us). What later developed was a discussion by the campus stations of a boycott in some form of WEA records because of their policy of charging \$100 for "servicing" the stations with records. There were a few other bits of excitement like this.

As the three days of the conference passed by, certain points began to become evident to certain members of the association. The head office would be established but the essence of the association would not be defined. Was it to be a service organization, a lobbying group or a political association? Well, a bit of all three but not by design or rational choice. A slew of people with various agendas meant a jumble of different purposes.

Ryerson is located adjacent to the street of Toronto. That is, Yonge Street. Lots of folk, myself included, walk along Yonge for no apparent reason. The street easily contains a couple hundred fast food joints and a few record stores but little else. More specifically we find three McDonald's, no

hookers, a couple strip clubs, very few panhandlers, a multitude of "help wanted" signs and lots of arcades with huge neon signs. Ya, neon signs, boy they sure do like 'em in TO. In contrast to the vacuous nature of Yonge Street, a more interesting section of town can be found on Queen Street. Here we find a row of decent 'alternative' type clubs: the Bamboo, the Rivoli and the Horseshoe. Down Queen and onto the infamous Spadina where we stumble across the inauspicious front of the famous El Mocambo. It's somehow refreshing to be back in a club policed by bouncers who are goofs. You learn to appreciate the other places more. We caught the Dead Milkmen at the El. I don't know exactly where it is but the RPM Club is another happening place. Farther away is the Diamond on Sherbourne which also features more interesting acts.

BEER. The price varies dramatically. The Queen Street clubs have reasonable prices along with sidewalk tables to lounge at whilst getting hammered in the dreadful Toronto heat. Bottles at the El Mocambo are a joke. Stick with jugs of draft instead. If, like me, you think all Canadian beer tastes the same then why not enjoy some local flavour by savouring the golden nectar of Hamilton, Grizzly or Steeler? As well, a tasty ale can be purloined for less than \$3 (except at the El) in the form of Upper Canada Ale. But the cheapest beer came on tap for \$1.85 at the radio conference. Still, a tie did occur in this painstaking search for the best deal. Avail-

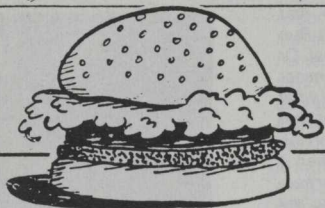
able to the general public, \$1.85 for a bottle of your regular big name beer. It was at a place right near Yonge. I can't recall the name but it's near Ryerson and right across from Sam The Record Man. You'll find it, no problem.

What about radio in TO, you astutely inquire. Sure, there's the usual bland, homogeneous, foul 'music is a product' stations. However, the sounds of variety can be found on CKLN's 250 watts and U of T's mammoth 15,000-watt CIUT. The major downside to Toronto radio lies in the co-opting of alternative music into the commercial radio mentality by CFNY. In the name of alternative radio for the masses, we receive Top 40 DJs who play alternative hits. Ah, nothin' like the empty-headed mellifluous tones of a boss jock intro-ing the new Hot Hit by The Mission.

What about the city itself? General impressions? Faster paced than the generally laidback Vancouver. The people tend to assume TO is god's gift to Canada. (But then Vancouverites are probably the same.) Torontonians are at least initially genuinely rude, dude. Add to the characteristics already mentioned the overabundance of street and hotdog vendors; this leads one to the conclusion that Toronto has an ambition. It wants to be an American city. No, it desires to be the American city; TO is a New York wanna-be. Oh year, did I mention it was damn hot? Well, it was.

Kevin S.

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EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE A PART of Rap. They got commercials on TV with rap, radio commercials, rap. I took my girl and my little daughter up to the circus, and the last fifteen minutes of the circus, the ringmaster was rappin'. But it's not because the ringmaster wanna be a rapper, it's because he know that it's commerial and that it makes money and that it will sell tickets.

As a musical idiom, rap is ten years old. Today, as rap records sell in record numbers, Melle Mel is considered 'old school'. Part of the original Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five, Mel's rap roots go past the days of the seminal Sugarhill Records label, to the "pre-commercial phase, before people even started making records, when they were doing block parties or guys was just playing music in front of their houses." He explains where it all came from:

RAP ROOTS

Basically just out of the streets. A lot of young brothers that wasn't into crime and drugs too tough. They didn't have nothing to do so I guess that's how the music evolved 'cause you had certain phrases. Rap came about right after the gangs disappeared from off the streets. The rap came about just a little after the music. People wasn't captivated totally by just somebody having big speakers out on the streets and playing the popular songs or the songs with the beats. So they needed to incorporate the rap with the music to make it really catch on and that's when rap finally started takin' off like in about '77.

RAP EGO

To be a rapper, you have to have a certain belief in yourself. And with that belief comes an ego. With that ego, you're gonna think that you're God's gift to the dictionary or God's gift to verbal abuse. So once you hear somebody state their case, or what they feel that they are, you're automatically gonna dispute that. And then with that dispute is friction. That's why in the early roots of rap it was a lot of rap battles and a lot of DJ battles. That's what it mainly was, because you always had to show to the people who was the better man in rap. And even though the animosity is still in rap, the competition is not really on a competitive level, it's just record sales. So with that thought in mind, you would consider Run DMC and The Beastie Boys to be the number one rappers because they proved their point by record sales, because it's just a totally commercial thing. Whereas the old school, they would take it to the stage. Then

they would prove their point to the people. Instead of trying to prove it over the airwaves to the mass audience, you would prove it to a select group and then it would get around to the masses by word of mouth.

RAP NOW

You'd be considered old school if you rapped for about seven years. New school is the kinda guy that just came on the set two or three years ago and they just took off. But it's basically no difference because the new school learnt from the old school. In the beginning of rap, it was just rappers that said garbage raps anyway, and that's what the new school basically is right now. They're just saying the same kinda raps that the brothers from the old school would say but they're just updatin' it a little bit and that's puttin' updated music behind it. So it's no real difference, it's just that the new school is out, the new school is now. It's not a difference in style or anything because the style and everything is still the same. It's just the fact that the new school just started makin' records.

RAP SPART

How I see rap is more or less like an art form and then as a sport at the same time, because the competition could be great if the other rappers had enough self-confidence to put a certain title on the line. Like the kinda rapper I am, I done made records, I done been in a movie, I done did TV shows, and I done did all kinda things. And if I was to walk the streets right now, and if a rapper that never did nothin' in his life came up to me and challenged me, I'd stop whatever I was doin' and I'd kick a rhyme to him. And I'd finish him. Whereas maybe like a Run DMC, they would not do nothin' like that. Or they would not join a New Music Seminar rap competition because they feel that what they have done is so great or it means that much to them that would never put it on the line because if they was to lose it then it would be detrimental to their career. Whereas my career is secondary to my reputation as the top rapper.

AS FAR AS rap goes, the new school may have learnt from the old school, but they also learnt not to get exploited the way the old school was by Sugarhill Records. Def Jam boasts a distribution deal with CBS as well as a roster which includes The Beastie Boys, Public Enemy, and LL Cool J. These artists may be able to enjoy success in a way that Melle and his peers never could, but Mel's feelings about the label stem from other considerations.



THE OF





RAP

MELLE MEL



RAP IMAGE

They put the records out and the records sell. And why the records sell is 'cause they put it out so that young kids could buy 'em. And the things they put out that young kids could buy is not the kinda thing like, get up and go to school everyday so you can graduate from college and work real hard. They put it out, Well I make so and so much amount of money every show, and I stand like this with my arms folded on the Ave., and I have on gold chains and I wear fresh adidas ever day, and I stomp on the stage . . . So basically what you have is young kids that wanna portray that lifestyle. But in order for a young kid to wear three gold chains, at \$1600 apiece, and to wear a sweatsuit everyday, at \$75 apiece, and to stand on the Ave. lookin' that good, they gonna have to drop out of school and do something illegal, or . . . It's more or less like breeding criminals, and you'll be able to see in a few years if rap don't take a change for the better — as far as gettin' some artistic value and havin' somethin' really to say to give kids more inspiration in their OWN self-image and to be what THEY wanna be — you're gonna actually see crime go in a drastic increase because they set a certain standard for everybody to be. You must have gold, you must have clean sneakers, you must stand tough, you must be hard. When everybody don't necessarily gotta live their life that way. I mean, Run wasn't raised like that, they came from the suburbs. The Beastie Boys DEFINITELY wasn't raised like that but they portray that image and they also try to live out that image. It would be one thing to portray a certain image, then once you come off the stage, to direct a positive attitude toward the kids so that they know: listen, do not try this trick at home. That's what Run and them should be sayin', but instead, they be like, OK, go home and act that way. Go on the Ave. and stand that way. Talk this way. Walk this way. It won't help the youth of the nation or the world any to try to be like a Run DMC or a Beastie Boy or even a Melle Mel because a lot of the things I did comin' up, the average kid wouldn't be able to do. He'd get killed tryin' to do the things that I did, or that the Beastie Boys or Run DMC would do. Def Jam does sell and make records and they are a great contributor in the field of rap, but as far as in the field of education and role models, they more or less set rap back about ten years. Because at one time, rap was about sayin' somethin' that was socially conscious, and makin' statements that was positive and meaningful to the youth of the world. But right now, don't nobody care how the youth of the world is growin' up as long as they got a gold chain and some adidas.

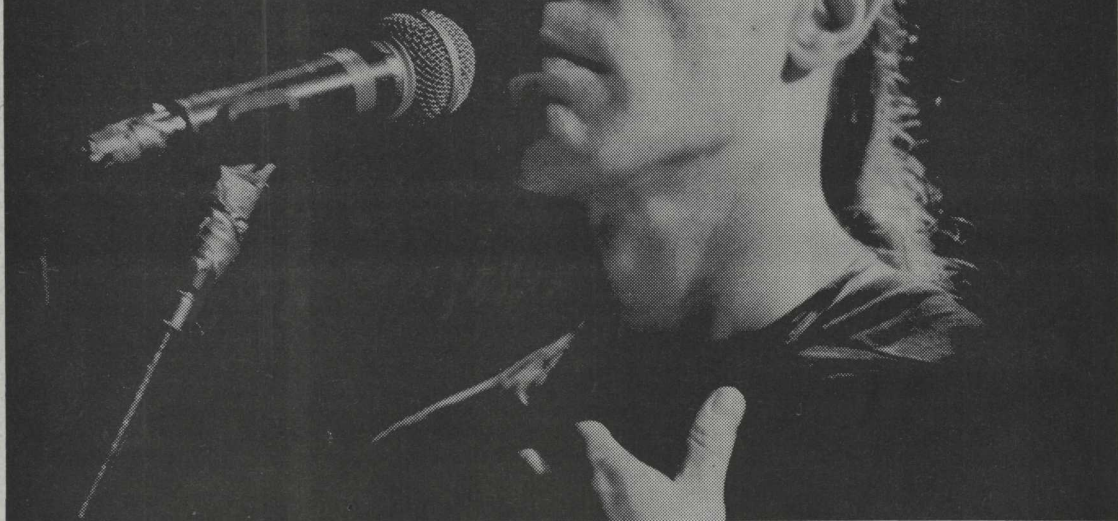
RAP REVOLUTION

Public Enemy is just totally radical in another sense because they're talkin' about a whole revolution. As far as black people go, revolution has nothing to do with black versus white. Revolution is a black on black thing and it's not a revolution that would be fought with guns. It's not a physical revolution; it's a mental and a financial revolution. For us to build up a black middle class, for us to get out heads together to where it won't be as much black on black crime. Because the rise in crime won't be black robbing white people or black robbing Chinese people or black robbing Arab people, it'll be black robbing black people in their own neighbourhoods. That's the rise in crime that would take place years from now if the tempo on rap wouldn't change. So as far as Public Enemy talkin' about the revolution and this and that and walkin' around onstage with Uzis and lookin' like black panthers — that does nothin' for our position as young people in the neighbourhood. Because we're right on the verge of young black people being more than just revolutionaries of the sixties. We're past that stage. We had people who died to get us past that stage: Martin Luther King, Malcolm X, and so forth. So it would make no sense for us to go ten years back just because Public Enemy wanna sell records or because they wanna start a revolution. If they wanna start a revolution, make theySELF a martyr. Go stand on the front line. GET killed. Don't just stand back over the airwaves and then make another young kid think that he got to be on the front line when he don't have to. If you look at it realistically, they ain't doin' nothin' to support no revolution. They don't pass out pamphlets or educate people as to what they're sayin'. All they do is put out records, so they're not benefitting anyone but themselves and Def Jam.

IN THE EYES of the music industry and the record-buying public, the success of the new school is seen as an establishment of credibility and a reason for rap to be taken seriously. Commercialization has directed rap's focus away from the people whose lives it affects; while middle-class whiteboys fight for their right to party, residents of the South Bronx fight for their survival. Rap has changed over the last ten years, but the real-life problems of black America remain the same.

Don Chow

this way . . .
The Shivering Man
 speaks of wire,
Dome,
 and Bruce Gilbert



Graham Lewis: 1/4 of WIRE, 1/2 of DOME and indivisible as HE SAID

Mark Mushet

IT WAS FAIRLY CLEAR FROM THE start. WIRE had a great deal more to offer than the thrash that became the standard of the late '70s. After three highly acclaimed LPs served us with evidence of higher intent, WIRE chose to disband in 1980, with its four members pursuing all manner of audio-visual projects, resulting in some very fine solo and collaborative pieces. 1987 finds them regrouped and more than capable of continuing the upslide into an accomplished realm where pop craftsmanship and sonic exploration exist side by side.

Along the by-ways, however, much of the WIRE solo material since 1980 has been neglected, with the possible exception of some of vocalist Colin Newman's work. Dome, Duet Emmo, He Said, and Bruce Gilbert are all 'bits of wire', so to speak, and are responsible for some very interesting music. In June, I had an opportunity to spend an afternoon with Bruce Gilbert and

Graham Lewis, half of WIRE, and all of Dome. It was Bruce's viewpoint that was committed to tape and hence he becomes the spokesman, a man using an 'economy of verbiage' to offer a summation of his work with WIRE, Dome, and 'other bits'. Half of Dome, a quarter of WIRE, and indivisible, Bruce Gilbert's economy is a rich one.

First, one wants to know why the group disbanded some seven years ago. "As a vehicle, WIRE couldn't contain the amount of work that was current and wasn't able to fit in with the way WIRE was working."

I take this as meaning that the context of a pop group was too limiting for such a wealth of creativity in the minds of its individual members. In retrospect, I don't think you'll find much of an argument over this question. The record-buying public, however, seems intent on lining the pockets of thieves as unauthorized re-issues of old WIRE material continue to surface. Bruce is

resigned. "One has to realize that anybody can walk in off the street into any record company's offices, look through their back catalogue, and lease whatever they want."

Such is evidently the case at EMI England. So how *does* WIRE deal with its history whilst hoping to connect with a new audience in North America? "When we started thinking about functioning again there was, at least in my mind, some doubt because of the compromised position we appeared to be in by these re-issues and retrospective interest in the group. However, we felt there was a job to be done, we wanted to do it, so we got on with it. Our first aim was to function as a live group. It seems to work so I suppose one's attitude towards North America is to feel we have to do it in front of as many people as possible. Whether their interest is retrospective, or to do with the way things have been packaged, I think we have to ignore that and hope that people will listen to, or respond to, or at least observe, the new things."

And one has to wonder about the beginnings of Dome, Bruce and Graham's first outing following the initial 'demise' of WIRE.

Being a long-time fan of Dome, I had to ask a fairly typical question, knowing full well it wouldn't elicit a typical answer. How did they come up with titles for such abstract pieces of music? "On *Dome 3* there are a lot of phonetic references to the way the rhythm goes. Some pieces name themselves. In the studio one has to use all sorts of strange code words, especially when you're using fairly abstract things. For example, when you use a tape loop of some birds coughing there isn't enough room on the label to say 'loop of birds coughing'! You give it a code name. Quite often things arrive like that, anagrams, the atmosphere of the piece, and so on."

The first Dome records were remarkable for their modest packaging and minimal approach to producing music (there is no intent here to associate Dome with the 'minimalists' and their attendant schools of thought). Imaginatively titled *Dome 1*, *2*, and *3*, these releases were about the most obscure-looking discs to grace the import record bins, despite the rewards contained inside. Mr. Gilbert explains, "Not intentionally obscure, just the minimum amount of information. I tend to not like covers which are full of writing. I think the object was to make things as simple as possible and avoid some kind of identity with, or cashing in on the fact that we were bits of WIRE, which had some notoriety which we could possibly have used. Obviously the access to doing those projects came through being in WIRE, but one should take opportunities where they arise."

"The idea we both had was to do something a little more spontaneous and, perhaps, not entirely to do with music."

One of the most interesting Dome projects was the gallery installation project that Bruce and Graham worked on with visual artist Russell Mills (who's been in great demand recently for album cover artwork as well). The project, circa 1982, was known as MZUI, a truly environmental work and one pointing to an area that suggests endless possibilities. Bruce is explicit in detailing the course of events. "We got friendly with some people who shared what had been an ex-biscuit/porkpie factory. There was quite a large gallery and studio space for painters as well. It was sort of an 'official' squat situation. They actually managed to get a grant of some kind from the local council. We loved the acoustics in the place and we also managed to borrow a meat safe in the cellar to do another project, so we knew the place fairly well. We'd made some money from the first two Dome LPs so we thought we ought to put it to good use, so we hired a sophisticated PA/talkback recording system and put in a very minimal amount of so-called 'exhibits' in the gallery. To begin with, it was basically four steel cables under tension from the floor to the ceiling. We

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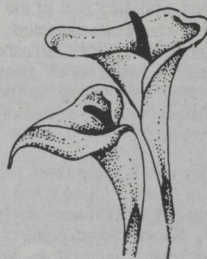
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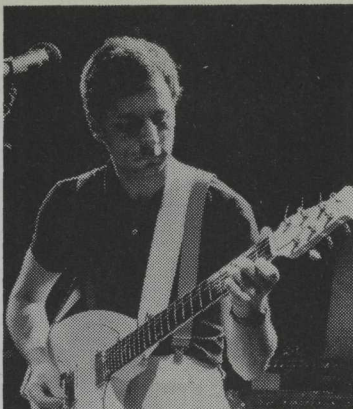


attached contact mikes which fed into a small studio that we had in one of the rooms off of the gallery and then fed back out into the gallery via eight large speakers.

"Because part of the factory was semi-derelict, there was quite a lot of raw material lying around to use not only for 'instruments' but for a general sculptural environment exploration. We were there for a month and it was a bit like having a job. It was 9 to 5 and we added something new every day.

This included smells as well as polishing the floor and adding home-made instruments that members of the public weren't invited to use, but no one was stopping them. Some people were more enthusiastic than others, to the point of destruction. It was a very good experience for us. We had lots of visits from the local health and safety experts who said part of the exhibit had to be roped off. It consisted of about 500 broken wine bottles smashed into small pieces. It was rather beautiful, actually. And they were rather suspicious of these smells of bleach, industrial disinfectants, and polish.

"The very last night was the most exciting part of it. We'd found some wooden splints on the roof which were very fine, and rotting badly. We scattered parts of the floor with these splints and, rather irresponsibly, set fire to them as they were the last thing in the gallery to be moved and it seemed too tedious to bag them up. Nobody saw it



Colin Newman of WIRE

Mark Musher

except for the people who were helping us clear away. There was no real set intention except to see what happened and how resourceful we could be.

"There were also two formal pieces by Russell Mills who was collaborating with us on this project. Somebody assumed that the pieces he'd done were exhibited under the same conditions as the others and moved them around, rather beautifully I thought, but Russell didn't approve. Afterwards, we all looked as if we'd been on a very long holiday."

In addition to working on installations and performance soundtracks for events at the Museum of Modern Art (Oxford) and Notre Dame Church Hall (Leicester Square), Bruce Gilbert has done some scoring for dance pieces by British choreographer Michael Clark. Again, Bruce spares little verbiage. "I first bumped into Michael when WIRE were in full flight in 1978. He was visiting London when he was a student of the Royal Ballet. He was invited to do a piece for a London contemporary dance group and he based it on about seven tracks from *Pink Flag* (the first WIRE album, 1977). He phoned me up to see if I minded and to see if I'd be interested in going to rehearsals as he was choreographing the piece. When he started his own dance company he asked me if I would do the music for part of the debut. It was a very good way of working, as there were no specific plans or plots. It was the result of continuous conversations, really. It was done a piece at a time while he demonstrated, with one of his dancers, the kind of movements, references, and atmospheres he was interested in exploring with the piece.

"There were one or two other bits and pieces I did with Michael. We did get a very interesting project from Rudolph Nureyev who'd seen the piece Michael and I had done at the Edinburgh Festival. He commissioned us to do a piece for the Paris Opera/Ballet. They have an experimental offshoot which has a show every year in the

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middle of which they have a gala piece where the main stars of the Paris Opera/Ballet join in with the experimental side of the company. Obviously it's an attempt to encourage the people who don't normally go to the ballet, but who have heard of the stars, to go see experimental dance. It was a very interesting project because Michael asked me to do the design as well, which means one can have more of an involvement over the tone of the piece. And in an orgy of nepotism, I got my friend Angela Conway to design the costumes. It was all very tightly knit, a close way of working. The Parisians hated it. I was delighted, very pleased with the work."

Seeing as he is the 'guitarist' from WIRE, it's curious to note that most of his solo material, including his latest record on Mute, *The Shivering Man*, is mostly comprised of tape manipulation and electronic processing. I ask the inevitable "how do you get that sound" sort of question. "I have been using quite a lot of sampling, but I'm still a great fan of tape loops. I was using tape loops before WIRE started, but in terms of sampling, I haven't gone too far into the technology. I still have a great love affair with the crudity of echo machines and digital delays which can be triggered. It's a discipline for me, as I do have access to sophisticated sampling technology. When I go into the studio, my basic equipment is a carrier bag full of cassettes of various collected sounds. I've also collected records from garbage bins. One finds the strangest things on the street. I've found quite a few cassettes on the street with totally inexplicable sounds on them. Obviously the tapes have been stretched, maybe thrown out of a car. It's been something else once but it's now an interesting sound which I can use."

So how does all this get back to the subject of the 1987 edition of WIRE? Well, for example, Daniel Miller of Mute Records fame and several Dome, Gilbert/Lewis projects has produced the new WIRE LP *The Ideal Copy*. "In terms of WIRE, we had to find a producer who was acceptable to everybody. Graham and I had worked with Daniel and I think Colin was slightly nervous about this, that perhaps his [Daniel's] neutrality would be questionable. As you're probably aware, three people in WIRE had done production work [which has included Colin's recent work with Minimal Compact and Gilbert/Lewis's work with The The]. If we'd attempted to have done a WIRE production, it would have been total chaos."

Very rarely do you get to meet a person working in these areas who doesn't put a damper on the occasion with ego and pretension. Bruce, Graham, and the other members of WIRE, Colin and Robert, have produced an incredible wealth of excellent material over the years. One rather hopes that they meet with every success in their future endeavours. Now if only we could get Bruce to pose for a photograph.

Mark Musher

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I've seen in a long time."
—Roger Ebert

"... Gates of Heaven is the
only authentic state of the
union address."
—Werner Herzog

7:30

AUG. 28 - SEPT. 3

9:30

THIS WON ALL THE MONEY!



PAUL HOGAN
*"Crocodile"
DUNDEE*

7:30

SEPT. 4-10

9:30

THIS WON ALL THE PRIZES

"A 'CHOOSE ME' 'ARTHUR'
'STAND BY ME' KIND OF DISCOVERY."
—Sheila Benson, L.A. TIMES

"I GUARANTEE THAT YOU'VE NEVER
SEEN A MOVIE ANYTHING LIKE THIS.
GO SEE IT, I RECOMMEND IT."
—Jeffrey Lyons, SNEAK PREVIEWS



My Life As A Dog



7:30

SEPT. 11-17

9:30

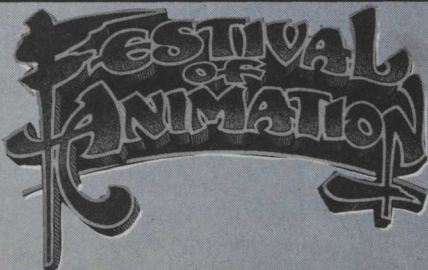
"Genuinely
funny."
—Vincent Canby
NEW YORK TIMES

"Wickedly
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PLAYBOY



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Dance
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MONDAY

WEDNESDAY

LIVE BANDS

TUESDAY

ASA and the Ogedengbe Drummers

THURSDAY

REGGAE NIGHT

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

FAMOUS GEORGE

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VINYL VERDICT

Various Artists

The History of Vancouver Rock and Roll, Volume 1

VRCA

At last! This is the one I personally had been waiting for: all that *early* good stuff. However, I must confess that I have a couple of reservations about this much-awaited release. First, there is the booklet that comes with the album: although the pictures are great fun, Michael Willmore's know-it-all conceitedness and obnoxious intrusions detract from what could otherwise have been a highly informative and enjoyable read.

Second, and this is inherent to compilation LPs, there is the problematic choice of material. In this case it's further compounded by the intricacies of licensing (which excluded Bob and Lucille, and the Canadian Sweethearts, perhaps Vancouver's best-known export of the period), and the question of 'historical relevance'. The latter supposedly justifies the inclusion of such lame novelties as The Valentines' *The Sock* and Patty Surbey's *Hey Boy*, as well as picking Les Vogt's wimpy generation-gap ditty *The Blamers* over its far superior flipside *Moon Rocketin'*.



Why not also have included (instead of the ones just mentioned!) the other side of The Stripes' great primitive single *Boogie Beat*, since it is so hard to obtain, and The Chessmen's first effort, *Mustang*, which is every bit as good as *Meadowlands*. And where are Guido D'Amico (*Jimmy Boy*), Sandy Marino and The Sandmen (*Hopin' and A-Praying*), Del Erickson (*Rockin' Band*), or even Evan Kemp?

On a more positive note, this LP has easily the best-looking cover of the series so far. It also has the great merit of making its share of gems, whose reissue has long been overdue, accessible to music fans rather than just rabid collectors. Among these

choice items are The Prowlers' hook-filled second single *Get a Move On*, The Canadian V.I.P.s' version of Lucille (embellished with screams worthy of Gerry Roslie's kid brother), and Stan Cayer's harp-driven *Three Wild Women*. The Hi-Fives' sheer instrumental grittiness rescues *Fujikami The Warrior* from the abyss of goofiness where the novelty interjections would have relegated it, to accede to the Pantheon of Trash inhabited by the likes of The Trashmen.

The welter of fine rocking tunes on this platter more than make up for the weak spots on side two, which makes this a record worth having not only for collectors or local music chauvinists but for everyone. Volumes two and three, equally worthwhile, are still available, a fourth (reportedly to feature the mythical Misty Deep), and a possible video are in the works.

The VRCA largely finances these releases through its bi-annual swap-meets. The next one is on September 13th, at the Kitsilano Community Centre, so mark your calendars and come out to support this worthy effort.

Marc Coulavin

Cannon Heath Down *Heart-throb Companion*

Bongo Sunrise Records

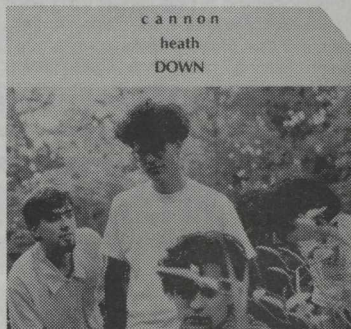
Who? Local band? Never heard of them, you say? Well, it's true: Cannon Heath Down are not that well-known yet, but this record should go some way to change that. It is encouraging to see a band with so little live exposure put out a good album right off the bat. Originally formed in late '85 as Bayou Drachma, they played a few gigs, made this recording in spring '86, went through a few name changes and have now reappeared as Cannon Heath Down.

Heart-throb Companion is thirteen original songs of dreamy, jangly, melodic guitar pop-rock in the vein of Game Theory/Larry Norman/Three O'Clock/REM. Having said that, though, they are no mere clone band—they have plenty of their own fresh ideas. The songwriting, arrangements, and playing all show a surprising amount of originality, depth and inventiveness for a band this young. Cannon Heath Down have a talent for writing great, catchy melodies. While most of the songs here are good in their own right, the fact that there are so many is the weakest part of the whole recording. The album could be better focussed; it lacks a cohesiveness that should carry the listener from song to song.

Yet, Cannon Heath Down have already come some way toward having their own, distinctive style. *Heart-throb Companion* is

a good first offering, and I look forward to more good things from this band.

Mike Harding



Skinny Puppy *Cleanse, Fold and Manipulate* Netwerk

Looks like death by overmixing is gonna be the '80s answer to overproduction.

— John Leland

John Leland writes for *Spin*. The remark above is from a review of a Skinny Puppy 12-inch. If a hotshot New York crit finds the Puppy interesting enough to write about, they gotta be doing something right, eh? Maybe yes, maybe no. Maybe nothing. Who can tell? SP throws so many different things into one of their "audio sculptures" that the result is more of an "audio morass".

To be fair (although there's no need to be), it's not the individual elements of the mix that are to blame (even if it has been argued that the Pups view originality as an unholy crime, the original sin if you will). No, the real problem is that these guys just don't know when to stop. Just 'cause you've got 412 abandoned tape fragments of found sound, sampled voices, synth noises and disco beats lying around doesn't mean you gotta put them all in one song. OK, maybe not 412. But a lot. I guess the Puppy's just gotta say yes to another excess.

Actually, I'd rather listen to Yello. At least they don't give you any bullshit with pseudo-intellectual significance. Yello just wanna make you dance and they'll use every disco beat in the book to do it. And, hey, the only thing SP mixes audibly above their black pit of industrial wanna-be pretensions is the ubiquitous synth-drum pound-beat. Why? First, to make it a hit in the clubs. This will in turn increase media awareness by getting their name in the Rockpool (probably), the Gavin Report (hopefully), and even, some-

day, *Billboard* (ha!!). Never mind that the Puppy's rhythm section is as inventive as Culturcide's on *Industrial Band*. Of course, SP's trying to be serious, or so they would have us believe, but then a lot of dancers won't care if the BPMs are right and the band is eyelinered, black-garbed and big-haired. Second, if a disco beat dominates the mix, it can obscure the woeful lack of anything vaguely intelligent being said on the record. Growly vocals have never really impressed me, but at least some people have something to say and let you hear it. Not these boys. Nope, the Pups, obviously aware of their painful inability to say anything worth hearing, have once again growled and mumbled a variety of unintelligible sounds onto tape, buried them suitably deep in the mix, and passed them off as

lyrics. OK, so this is no crime, I mean, lots of people do it, but, geez, only Skinny Puppy gives us a "lyric sheet" to go with it.

Ah, shit, never mind. After all, Skinny Puppy is not about music or art or even dancing. Oh, no: Skinny Puppy is about image. Make that IMAGE. To sell records, IMAGE helps a lot. Having one artist do all the covers makes the band and the label instantly identifiable, thus increasing Media Awareness and Brand Recognition. So what if all the records look exactly the same, making it impossible to tell them apart since they all sound alike to begin with. We're talking Market Penetration here, and sometimes things like inventiveness, originality and honesty just gotta be sacrificed for the greater good.

Now, being calculated and contrived is not necessarily an awful thing. Nobody gets annoyed about Madonna (well, almost nobody) 'cause she's never pretended to be anything but calculated and contrived. But the Puppy, well, the Puppy purports to be dangerous, exciting, new, significant, when they're not. They're a sham, the Twisted Sister of industrial dance music. SP is an IMAGE with nothing behind it, which is why their intellectual posturing is so irritating. And never forget that others, more talented and more honest, trod the turf before the Puppy had been weaned.

In short, the Puppy has no bite(s). Yah, John Leland writes about 'em in *Spin*, but I'd say that's got more to do with Nettwerk's marketing savvy than any skills Skinny Puppy's got. Cleanse, fold and manipu-

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late? Far better to fold, staple and mutilate these dogs before they get too big.

Iain Bowman

Editor's Note: The opinions expressed in the preceding article are those of the writer, and do not reflect *Discorder* as a whole. *Discorder* likes *Skinny Puppy*, and tells you to buy their records.

Bill Bruford Earthworks Editions EG

From the rock drummer who refused to be pigeonholed comes an exciting new album excellently produced and sounding distinctively JAZZY. Not JAZZOLA as in Jeff Beck, not YUPPIE JAZZ like Michael Brecker, but something new which does not "sound like..." anything else but a logical, learned progression of style Bill has been developing



over his "solo album" projects. This album is titillating in its vision, colour and performance (sorry, kiddies, no vocals). If your stereo is up to scratch, feast mightily on REAL ACOUSTIC STRING BASS served up steaming, among other treats. Bill is into some heavy electronics now, but why does it sound so damn tasteful? The word is TASTE.

Colin Robbins

Jeff Berlin Pump It Passport

Jeff Berlin is the best player in the world. Forget your Pastoriuses, your Jack Bruces, your Alphonso Johnsons, your Eberhard Webers. Jeff can light people's ears on fire, or make love to them (no rude jokes from the rabble). His only problem is choosing material that pleases both audiophiles and groupies alike. He'll never find his Holy Grail, but along the way he does stumble across some interesting stuff. GLARING EXCEPTIONS: Cream's classic *Crossroads* is played nearly verbatim including Eric Clapton's guitar solo which is transcribed note for note to BASS! Even the Bruford/Berlin classic *Joe Frazier* is copied (Round 2) but for a slightly more solid backbeat. Why bother? Jeff Berlin has a lot to offer, but shines brighter as a sideman. TRUST ME.

Colin Robbins

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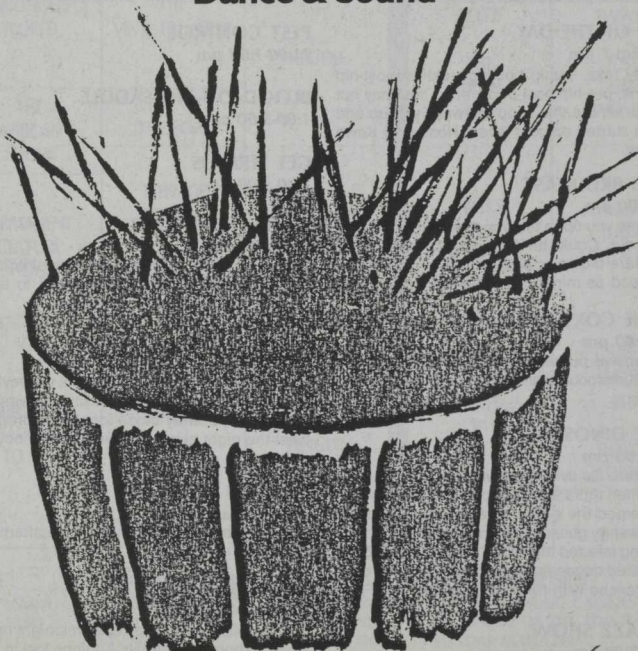
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Simon Fraser University Theatre
October 8 & 9

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The Great Hall
October 11
Commodore Ballroom
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CITR fm 102

WEEKDAY HIGHLIGHTS

MONDAYS

RANDOM DESIGNS

7:30-10:00 am

Yup. It's true. Lobster hell has arrived. (Just look in the mirror). Bop shop tunes and DJ-Speak by Melissa. Wow.

FINE LINES

10:00-11:00 am

A new feature on CITR, courtesy of the fine folks at CFUV, U. of Victoria. A literary program featuring readings and interviews with known and obscure poets and authors. Produced at CFUV and heard across Canada. Hosts are Jim Andrews, Barry MacDougall and Rick Andrews. Tune in and get cultured!

SOUP OF THE DAY

11:00 am-1 pm

Comedy, jazz, 'punk,' bootlegs, oldies, post-hip pre-punk, pre-hip post-punk, etc... You may not get your fill, but this soup will wake you up and get you started on your week. Hosted by Kevin Williams.

DOG'S BREAKFAST

1:00-3:00 pm

Each time you open the box something different comes out. Could be Jazz, hardcore, country, metal, rare oldies or even schlock. Your guess is as good as mine! Frank Sivertz.

WAYNE COX'S BRAIN

5:30-8:00 pm

An intensive purblind vetting of post-chillistic putative unctuous ossified cross-cultural idioms... ya, right.

MORE DINOSAURS

8:00-9:00 pm

Host Marc Coulvin takes you back to the dark ages when mutant breeds of giant grungemeisters roamed the earth, savaging Beatleclones; when twangy guitar sounds and primitive drums pounding infected the minds and bodies of young long-haired degenerates and sent them into cata-tonic trances with funny names like The Frug.

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00-12:30 am

Vancouver's longest-running prime time Jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the

34 DISORDER

occasional interview, and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker.

07 Sept. Today is Sonny Rollins' birthday. To honour this great man of the tenor saxophone, we choose one of his greatest albums. "Newk's Time" recorded in Sept. 1957, thirty years ago; it still sounds modern. Sonny with Wynton Kelly, Doug Watkins and "Philly Joe" Jones.

14 Sept. "A sound for sore ears" is a good way to describe this week's feature. Three great virtuosos combine to perform "Trio Music; Live." Chick Corea (accoustic piano), Miroslav Vitous (accoustic bass) and Roy Haynes (drums). One of the best albums of the decade.

21 Sept. Thomas "Fats" Waller was one of the most entertaining musicians of this century. One of the finest and most influential of the early piano players. He was also a great vocalist and songwriter. Enjoy the humour and wit of Mr. Waller with his working band of 1935/1937.

28 Sept. Part II of "Miles Davis in Stockholm."

Miles with a great band including Sonny Stitt (alto and tenor) (the man who replaced John Coltrane), Wynton Kelly (piano), Paul Chambers (bass) and Jimmy Cobb (drums) (one of the finest rhythm sections ever). Inspired Miles!

TUESDAYS

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS

10:00-11:00 am

Electronic Smoke signals will provide reviews, updates, commentaries, news and information, public educational programming produced to bridge the gap between native, non-native, and natural people and to create awareness and forbearance in our attitude toward nature and the creation that we share perspective with.

PEST CONTROL

11:00-1:00 pm

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

1:00-3:00 pm

GET SERIOUS

3:00-5:00 pm

RECTAL RECTITUDE

5:30-8:00 pm

Are you suffering from burning rectal itch? Well then—tune in and expose yourself to a long-playing laxative and an aural enema.

SOUL GALORE

8:00-9:30 pm

Steve and Anne spin soul platters conveying an extraordinarily intense sensitivity and emotional fervour. Wipe away those lonely teardrops and twist the night away, you red-blooded boys and girls.

BUNKUM OBSCURA

9:30-1:00 am

Norm Narley presents tunes for the afterbirth of the Pepsi generation.

AURAL TENTACLES

Midnight-4:00 am

Pierre Huish provides an after midnight musical smorgasborg for animals & things lost in space with strange nocturnal tendencies. Requests available upon request.

WEDNESDAYS

ANOTHER KIND OF WEDNESDAY

7:30-10:30 am

Feeling tired and run down in the morning? Let Sidney Killpigge into your home and he will be more than happy to kick your lazy ass out of bed.

NERVOUS NORBERT

1:00-3:00 pm

September means anarchy and chaos at CITR. Beat the rush and get your memberships asap... pdq...anallthat...The Norbert Show awaits you.

LOUIS LOUIS

3:00-5:00 pm

Sporadic appearances are the rule once again this month as your host searches (vainly) for the, uh, 'light.' As Graffiti once mentioned: "...the first to go and the last to know."

THE LION'S DEN

5:15-5:30 pm

Neil Davis will interview players, coaches and special guests on The Lion's Den. There will also be a trivia contest, the prizes being gift certificates for the Fogg 'n Suds Restaurant.

Oral Dave welcomes you to...

MY WONDERFUL WORLD

5:30-8:00 pm

This month featuring segments from Oral Dave's audiobiography "Confessions of an Acidhead," or "Is That My Beer?"

THE AFRICAN SHOW

8:00-9:30 pm

The latest in modern African dance music plus/minus a few oldie but greats and extras. Your way we come every Wednesday at 8:00. Information—News as they come at 8:30 pm. Possible special features at 9:00. Your host: Umerah P. Onukwulu. Welcome.

ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?

Midnight-4:00 am

Sick and tired of all this punk, new wave, underground bullshit? Elevator music is where it's at... Travis B. lights up your life and plays the best Montovani and Muzak.

THURSDAYS

EXCITED FIRST DJ-ESS

7:30-10:00 am

Got the bye-bye beddy blahs? Wake up to the sweet sounds of morning-breath with CITR-oons and CocoPuffs...an important part of your morning start.

THE VINYL FRONTIER

5:30-8:00 pm

The Spinlist will never be the same again! Tune in. Turn on. Drop out.

TOP OF THE BOPS

8:00-9:00 pm

"I was kidnapped by aliens from outer space who took me back to the fifties in their time machine," claims host Marc Coulvin. "Fortunately, I had the presence of mind to raid the record stores for stuff to play on the show." Of course, you can choose to disbelieve this far-fetched tale, yet the results of these alleged forays are there for anyone to hear. Hearing is believing.

MEL BREWER PRESENTS

11:00-Midnight



FM 102

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:30							
8:00	NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT						
9:00	RANDOM DESIGNS	Jennifer Chan	ANOTHER KIND OF WEDNESDAY	EXCITED FIRST DJ-ESS	FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	MUSIC OF OUR TIME
10:00	FINE LINES	ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS	TNT COMEDY SHOW	FINE LINES	TRIBES AND SHADOWS		
11:00			T.B.A.				
12:00	SOUP OF THE DAY	PEST CONTROL		TBA	Joanna Graystone		T.O.T.T.
1:00	CITR NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER					POWER CHORD	
2:00	DOG'S BREAKFAST	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	NERVOUS NORBERT	TBA	THE ED.D.J. SHOW		THE ROCKERS SHOW
3:00						CLOCK THE BEAT	BLUES CITY SHAKE DOWN
4:00	Stacey Fruin	GET SERIOUS!	LOUIS LOUIS	PARTY WITH ME, PIERRE & JACQUES!	Peter Courtemanche		STUFF
5:00	NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT, DAILY FEATURE						
6:00					CRAPSHOOT	SAT. MAGAZINE	SUNDAY MAG.
7:00	WAYNE COX'S BRAIN	RECTAL RECTITUDE	MY WONDERFUL WORLD	THE VINYL FRONTIER	NEOFILE	T.O.T.T.	T.W.W.S.I.
8:00	MORE DINOSAURS	SOUL GALORE	THE AFRICAN SHOW	TOP OF THE BOPS		THE MEAN TIME	JUST LIKE WOMEN
9:00						WATCH THE LANGUAGE	PLAYLOUD/ THIS IS NOT A TEST
10:00	THE JAZZ SHOW		PERMANENT CULTURE SHOCK	TEENAGE TROPOR	CRACK RHYTHM		
11:00		BUNKUM OBSCURA		MEL BREWER PRESENTS		TUNES 'R' US	LIFE AFTER BED
12:00							FLOYD'S CORNER
1:00							
2:00	JUST THERE	AURAL TENTACLES	ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?	EXHIBITIONISM	THE VISITING PENGUIN SHOW		
3:00							
4:00							

WEEKDAY REPORTS

8:00 MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS
10:00 NEWSBRIEF
1:00 NEWSBREAK
3:00 NEWSBRIEF
5:00 MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS

SATURDAY REPORTS

Noon MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS
6:00 SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE
6:30 TALK OF THE TOWN

SUNDAY REPORTS

10:00 VAN. NEW MUSIC CALENDAR
Noon NEWS/TALK OF THE TOWN
6:00 SUNDAY MAGAZINE
6:30 THE WAY WE SEE IT

EXHIBITIONISM

Midnight-3:30 am

"Take off your panties and listen to the window." (Langley Strood). Diamonds and vinyl—Matt Richards.

FRIDAYS

FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE

7:30-10:30 am

The re-emergence of New Souls. Sacred Dates, Times, Points in History. Overthrowing history. Plus what's going on in Vancouver.

04 Sept. Michael Elliot Herst on the Fall Film Series at the Pacific Cinematheque.

New Jazz emerging with Metheny, Miles and Marsalis. Special guest at 9:00: Dramadillo Theatre Co. from New Zealand. New music from Joe Ely & Jan Garbarek. Firehall Theatre news.

11 Sept. Survival in the New Dance: Judith Marcus interview. Preview: Montanero Dance. The Voodoo Soul of Miles Davis. North, South, East and West. Fringe Festival update and info. Joy Coghill as Emily Carr (an exploration). Last chance for CATS.

18 Sept. Fringe Festival networking. Profiles of New Dance, Performance Art and Experimental Theatre. On-site scouting and in-studio infamy. Plus regular features.

25 Sept. Reworking the creative process and looking at October's events.

TRIBES AND SHADOWS

10:30-11:30 am

A program that explores "New Consciousness." Dreams, myths, cultures and rituals all take context, bridging the gap between Dark and Light. Featuring the innovative, the eclectic and the stirring diversities inherent in the musical fabric of our world. Hosted by Kirby Hill.

04 Sept. Sacred Dance, Sacred Dums. New directions in music and dance.

Witches and Healers.

11 Sept. A special profile of the Gitk'san Wet-suweten Tribal Land Claim court-case; interviews with Band Leaders plus a look at the latest production of Headlines Theatre's "No 'XYA'."

18 Sept. The New Dance of Judith Marcuse. Reinterpreting the Western psyche. Paul Plimley and percussion.

25 Sept. Egypt: The Pyramids. Plus new music in Jazz, electronic and new music forms.

NEOFILE

6:00-9:00 pm

More new records than you can shake a stick at, while Kevin Smith suffers extreme humiliation.

CRACK RHYTHM

9:00-midnight

A large, messy, enigmatically entertaining evening program, highlighting the hefty sounds of exotic beats and the malicious chunk of modern funk, with constant and current info on the Vancouver alternative music scene supplied by those who should know. Hastily hosted by Robert Shea.

THE VISITING PENGUIN SHOW

Midnight-4:00 am

Once again, Paula, goddess of the airwaves, is beset upon by hapless villains, obnoxious band members, and mindless phone-calls from piss-drunk party-ers. It's a good thing she's such a good sport about all this.

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE

8:00 am-noon

I know it's a bit early to wake up at 8 on a Saturday morning, but it's even worse for me. I have to wake up at 7 just to get here and do this show, so is it too much to ask for you to leave your radio on all night, patiently waiting for CTR to get back on the air? Yes, I suppose it is... Nevertheless, I will be here every Saturday to present "Brits Go Home," with lots of roots music and British comedy from 8 to 10. Then it's the cutting edge of folk music on "The Edge on Folk" from 10 to 11:30. Features during September are:

05 Sept. Capercaillie. A big hit at the Mariposa, Winnipeg and Vancouver folk festivals this summer. Their new LP is now in the stores, and I spoke to them while they were in town. Great Scots!

12 Sept. Spirit of the West play The Commadore tonight. This is their first Vancouver gig in ages, and they have a new line-up, as well as lots of great new songs. Perhaps they will be in the studio, too...

19 Sept. Jim Keelaghan from Calgary returns to The Rogue Folk Club tomorrow night, this time with a fine backing band. Tune in to hear songs from his new LP "Timelines." Maybe he'll come in to CTR as well...

26 Sept. The Oyster Band were the biggest hit at the Vancouver & Edmonton folk festivals. Their new LP "Wide Blue Yonder" should be out by now. I'll play tracks from all their LPs, as well as "live" stuff from their gig at The Rogue in July. Also aired will be an interview with two members of this, the finest folk rock band around.

At 11:30 The Edge on Soccer provides scores, updates and reports from the day's games in the U.K. as well as reports on the Canadian Soccer League, with the playoffs about to start. Vancouver's definitive soccer program is followed by the Compleat Monty Python at 11:45.

POWER CHORD

Noon-3:00 pm

Vancouver's only true metal show, featuring the underground alternative to mainstream metal: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, plus album give-aways.

CLOCK THE BEAT

3:00-6:00 pm

I am convinced that my time is desperately short. In fact, I know it is. So tune in soon for three hours of Saturday PM music that's as heavy on the variety as on the beat. With your host Iain Bowman. Thanks a lot; it's been fun.

SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE

6:00-6:30 pm

Featuring news, sports, weather, Insight, Generic Review, Today in History, Across the Atlantic.

TALK OF THE TOWN

6:30-7:00 pm (& Sundays at Noon)

Join hosts Libbi Davis and Brad Newcome for conversation that's informative, jovial, exciting, surprising and fun. It's all here! It's the TALK OF THE TOWN.

THE MEAN TIME

7:00-9:00 pm (sometimes)

Lodged between the flight paths of the UBC Thunderbirds, Paul Funk presents music by which to dodge guano. Watch your step, please.

NOCTURNES

9:00-midnight

From nightmares to dreamscapes. Be careful what you dream for it may come true. Host: Paul C.

TUNES 'R' US

Midnight-4:00 am

SUNDAYS

MUSIC OF OUR TIME

8:00-Noon

Modern 20th Century classical music ranging from the tonal to the avant-garde. Commentary on the historical, technical and latest fashions with regards to all genres. Requests taken. Your host, Wolfgang J. Ehebal.

TALK OF THE TOWN

Noon-12:30 pm (repeat)

THE ROCKERS SHOW

12:30-3:00 pm

Reggae, Rock Steady and Ska. At 1:30, Reggae Beat International Hour: news and interviews about Reggae music worldwide. Host: George Barrett.

BLUES CITY SHAKEDOWN

3:00-4:00 pm

Finally, a tasty Blues show again on CTR. Everything from early Delta Blues to Chicago Urban Blues to contemporary blues-influenced rock. And anything in between. Tune in weekly to get your shot of the blues. Your host: Mike Dennis.

STUFF

4:30-6:00 pm

Poetry and music stuff. Hopefully most of it choice. Hosts: Kevin Smith and Julia Steele.

SUNDAY MAGAZINE

6:00-6:30 pm

THE WAY WE SEE IT

6:30-7:00 pm

Join the CTR News Staff as they discuss a week of events and issues, causes and consequences. Learn all there is to know about a world of happenings, as each reporter gives story details and discusses its implications.

JUST LIKE WOMEN

7:00-9:00 pm

Tune in for invigorating and stimulating interviews, news and music for anyone interested in women's issues or learning more about them.

PLAYLOAD/THIS IS NOT A TEST

9:00 pm-Midnight

"Voltaire announced the Age of Reason two centuries too soon. We are still in the Dark Ages." R.A. Wilson.

LIFE AFTER BED

Midnight-Whenever

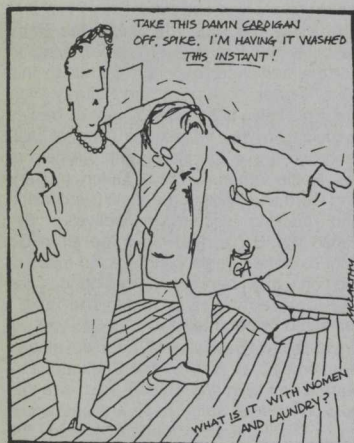
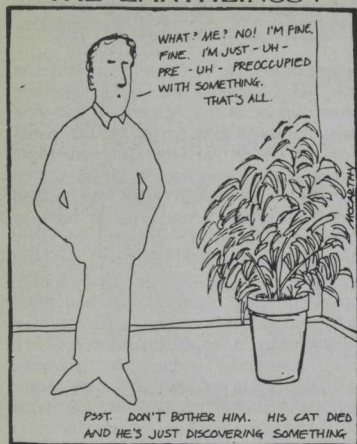
FLOYD'S CORNER

2:00 am-Until Jeff fades...

Jeff G. pulls the cowshit from his boots and slings it on the turntable every Sunday night for all you funny-walking, shit-disturbing, cattle-riding winos.

WEEKEND HIGHLIGHTS

LIFE AMONG THE EARTHLINGS.



SPINLIST

TOP AIRPLAY ALBUMS

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
Yello	<i>One Second</i>	Polygram
Nitzer Ebb	<i>That Total Age</i>	Mute
Einsturzende Neubauten	<i>Fuenf Auf Der Nach...</i>	Torso
Various Artists	<i>Potatoes</i>	Ralph
Various Artists	<i>Lonely Is An Eyesore</i>	4AD
Wire	<i>The Ideal Copy</i>	Enigma
Various Artists	<i>Straight To Hell</i>	Hell
Steven Brown	<i>Searching For Contact</i>	Play It Again Sam
Graeme Revell	<i>The Insect Musicians</i>	Musique Brut
Eugene Chadbourne	<i>LSD C&W</i>	Fundamental
The Replacements	<i>Pleased To Meet Me</i>	WEA
Warren Zevon	<i>Sentimental Hygiene</i>	Virgin
Tuxedomoon	<i>You</i>	Crammed
Young Fresh Fellows	<i>The Men Who Loved Music</i>	Popluma
The Waterwalk	<i>The Waterwalk</i>	Nettwerk/Capitol
Skinny Puppy	<i>Cleanse Fold and Manipulate</i>	Nettwerk/Capitol
Danielle Dax	<i>Inky Bloaters</i>	Awesome
The Cure	<i>Kiss Me Kiss Me Kiss Me</i>	WEA
Michelle Shocked	<i>The Texas Campfire Tapes</i>	Cooking Vinyl
Various Artists	<i>Smack My Crack</i>	Giorno Poetry Systems
That Petrol Emotion	<i>Babble</i>	Polygram
The Coolies	<i>Dig It</i>	DB
Soviet France	<i>A Flock of Rotations</i>	Red Rhino
Manu Dibango	<i>Afri-Jazzy</i>	Polydor UK
Trouble Funk	<i>Trouble Over Here...</i>	Island
Change of Heart	<i>Slowdance</i>	Fringe
Ravi Shankar	<i>Tana Maria</i>	Private
Professor Longhair	<i>New Orleans House Party</i>	Aural Tradition
Scruffy The Cat	<i>Tiny Days</i>	Relativity
X	<i>See How We Are</i>	WEA
My Dad Is Dead	<i>Peace Love & Murder</i>	Birth

TOP AIRPLAY SINGLES

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
The Jesus & Mary Chain	<i>April Skies</i>	WEA
SPK	<i>Off The Deep End</i>	Nettwerk/Capitol
Mo'ev	<i>Wanting</i>	Nettwerk/Capitol
Prince	<i>If I Was Your Girlfriend</i>	WEA
Chris & Cosey	<i>Obsession</i>	Nettwerk/Capitol
The Residents	<i>Hit The Road Jack</i>	Torso
Tackhead	<i>The Game</i>	4th & Broadway
Maceo & The Macks	<i>'Cross The Track</i>	Urban
That Petrol Emotion	<i>Big Decision</i>	Polygram
True Mathematics	<i>After Dark</i>	Champion



Local Motion

IT'S THAT TIME OF YEAR AGAIN—ALL the local musicians are just coming back from tree-planting, CITR and *Discorder* are gearing up for back-to-school (I'm starting to worry about my thesis), everyone's exhausted from the whirlwind Canadian Independent Music Festival, and it's time for Shindig again. Yes, CITR's own Friendly Competition of the Bands is still looking for entries, so send a tape of four or so original songs (clearly marked "for Shindig") to Linda Scholten or Jerry King, so you can be part of things. (Remember, winning isn't everything, either—this could be your big chance to play for a completely different audience and convert new fans.) Send your stuff in quick—it won't be long before all the slots are filled up!

Three of the best gigs of the summer, all within about a week, happened at the beginning of August, unfortunately to quite small audiences. (I'm talking about **The Dead Milkmen**, **Firehose**, and **Mr. T Experience**.) The only thing sadder than watching a band play to only a fraction of the people that *should* be there is when no-one catches the stagedivers.

CITR should soon be getting demos from **Over soul Seven** (more like their powerful stage show than the record) and Victoria's **Bedspins**. I heard **Bruised and Stupid**, also from Victoria, have broken up—it appears that their local scene suffers as much from a rhythm section (especially drummer) shortage as *ours* does. But then, Victoria bands have been enjoying the benefits of CHEK-TV's *Beat Goes On* for a couple of weeks. If only there was a local station willing to put local bands on TV here.

Here are this month's demos:

Silent Gathering—We Have Always Lived in This House and My Law. Although their name sounds familiar (maybe they gave us

another demo once), I don't know anything about Silent Gathering. These are both really long songs loaded with sloppy guitar and rhythm, but there's something about them I like. *My Law* starts kind of slow metal and degenerates into screams and (a little subdued) wildness; *This House* is sometimes almost a Cure parody, sometimes psychedelic, and sometimes the vocals sound a mite like Cory Hart. Not slick, not groundbreaking, but what I'm assuming is a few young guys having a good time.

Big Electric Cat - Poltergeist Waltz. The first demo I've heard in 3/4 time. Our program director, Kevin, says it's about what he expected, but I think this song works. The ambience is definitely there—the sound and feel are a lot like the calliope part in *For the Benefit of Mr. Kite*, and you can almost sing along ("one two three, one two three . . ."). More ghostly than like a poltergeist's scratch-thumps on walls and furniture moving. I haven't seen this band in a long, long time, but I think this is a bit of a break from their usually heavier (Kevin says Gothic) sound.

Ultramarine—*Down the Years*. Ultramarine is Blair Petrie's latest project, more pop-oriented than his earlier ones—they've been playing a lot locally too in the past while, but I haven't seen them yet. Anyway, the keyboard sound on this song is a bit thin for my taste, but *Down the Years* has a couple of good hooks. (Hopefully this'll win Blair a few new fans.)

The Paladins—*Hold On*. From San Diego, these guys really know how to get into a groove. Of course that's no surprise to the people that pack the Railway whenever they're up this way. It's not fair to call this rockabilly—it's a solid, sexy, happening song.

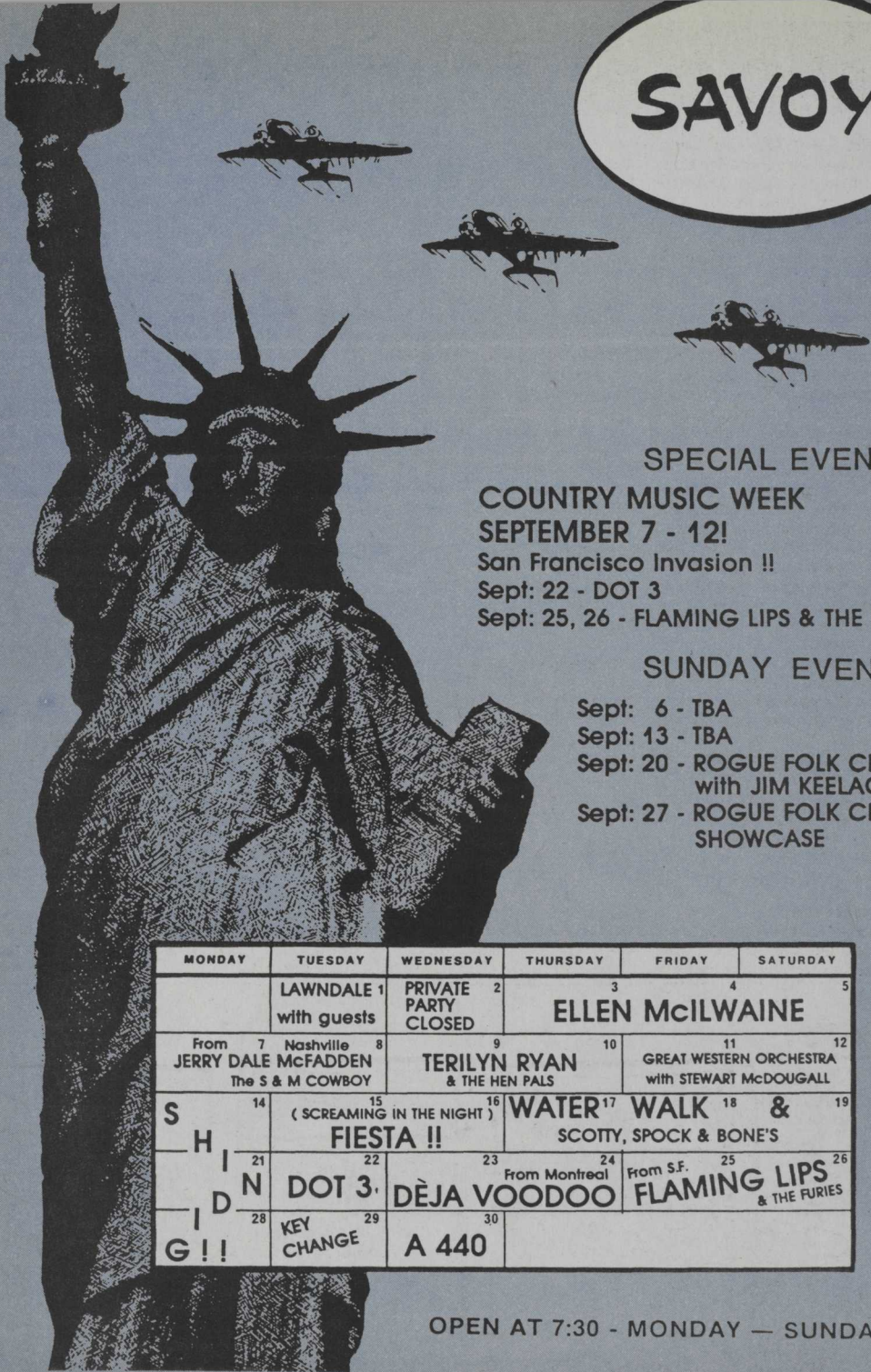
Technotribe—*Life of Crime* and *I Walk the Line*. Technotribe is led by Gus Vassos, former singer of the Actionauts, and boy, does that voice ever sound familiar, especially on *I Walk the Line*. But what really separates this band from all others is their use of a female backup singer who doubles almost all of Gus's parts, not in an X or Jefferson Airplane sort of laid-back commenting style but *right on top* of the lead vocals. This really cool, often happy sounding effect, plus horns, violins, and other stuff, makes Technotribe, while far from soulless, one of the slickest demos CITR's heard. And while the cassette the band's giving to friends is called *Live at the Smilin' Buddha*, I hope I'm not giving too much away when I say that's not Igor and the gang applauding wildly between songs.

The Hip Type—*Hush*. Now here's a band that knows which songs to cover. The first time I saw The Hip Type, there was Tracy (possibly her first time on stage) trying to get the audience to punch the air to this song. I guess no-one at the Railway Club that night knew quite what to make of Tracy's humour. Anyway, here's the song at last, recorded live in the studio with the help of Ian Noble (drums), Steve Quinn (guitar), and Gord and Shelagh Badanic (percussion and backing vocals, respectively). Because Ian, Steve, and Gord are all in Go Four 3, some people will make too much of the connection between the two bands—the real connection is between the long-lamented **Debutantes** and The Hip Type, via Erica Leiren, bassist and back-up singer. (Remember, all of Go Four 3, except Ian, started out with the Debs.) This is a fun version of what some radio stations would call a "rock classic"—maybe someday the rest of this tape will show up on a record. I'll buy it!

Janis McKenzie

YES! IT'S
WOMBAT!:





SAVOY

SPECIAL EVENTS

COUNTRY MUSIC WEEK SEPTEMBER 7 - 12!

San Francisco Invasion !!

Sept: 22 - DOT 3

Sept: 25, 26 - FLAMING LIPS & THE FURIES

SUNDAY EVENTS

Sept: 6 - TBA

Sept: 13 - TBA

Sept: 20 - ROGUE FOLK CLUB
with JIM KEELAGHAN

Sept: 27 - ROGUE FOLK CLUB
SHOWCASE



MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	LAWNDALE 1 with guests	PRIVATE PARTY CLOSED 2	3 4 5 ELLEN McILWAINE		
From 7 Nashville 8 JERRY DALE McFADDEN The S & M COWBOY		9 TERILYN RYAN & THE HEN PALS	10	11 GREAT WESTERN ORCHESTRA with STEWART McDUGALL	12
S 14 H 15 I 16 D 17 I 18 G!! 19	(SCREAMING IN THE NIGHT) FIESTA !!	16	17 WATER WALK & SCOTTY, SPOCK & BONE'S	18	19
21	22 DOT 3	23	24 From Montreal	25 From S.F.	26 FLAMING LIPS & THE FURIES
28	29 KEY CHANGE	30 A 440			

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Starting
September 14

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